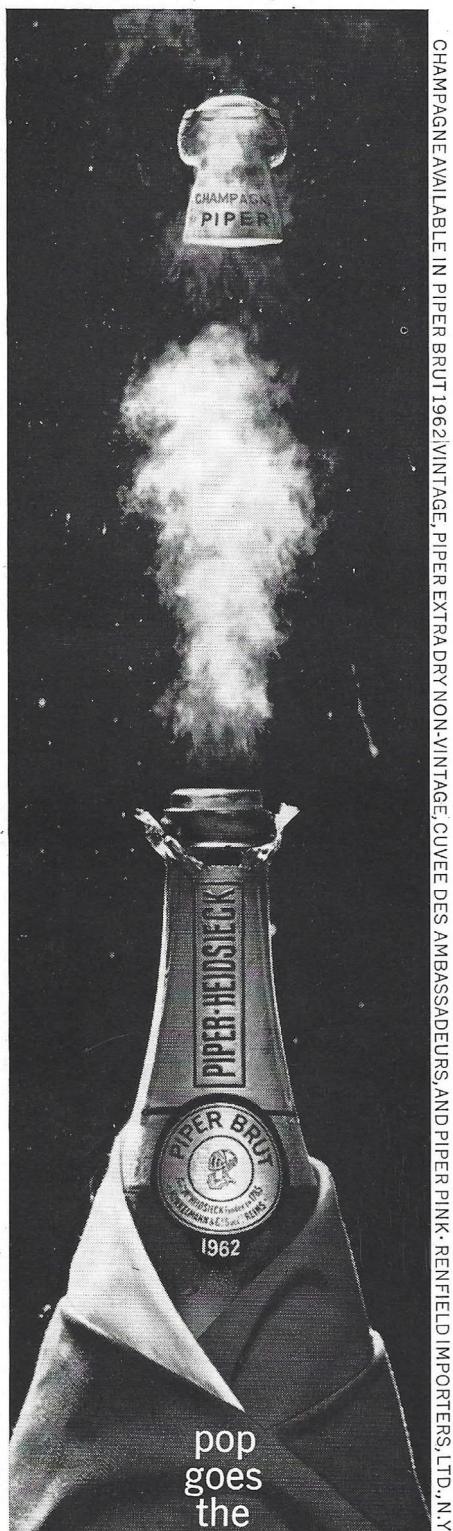


Realités



the twilight of the dark gods



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IN THIS ISSUE: To conclude our special series of articles on the problems raised by Britain's application to join the Common Market, we sent Danielle Hunebelle over to discover the attitude of the man in the street... and the man in the bank and the man in industry. These were her comments:

"I came across one striking example of the nonconformist way of life in Britain. A student told me of how he took a vacation job on a road construction site in the North. The other workers, however, all good union members, refused to work with him, but they did approve of his initiative, so he was paid £20 a week for making tea!"

"It is said that Britain's economy is the most precarious in Europe, yet nowhere in Europe are the people as happy. Faces in the madding crowd of Paris are drawn, tired, surly. In London they're bright, relaxed and carefree. They all look like tourists. The City workers get to the office between 10 and 10.30, they take an hour for lunch, and then at 5 the whole of the centre of London empties as if by magic. The general pace of life is so slow that it is virtually impossible to obtain two appointments in the same day, but once you've cornered the man he is the soul of courtesy, fully conscious of being a past master at the art of living. Is this, I wondered, what the wagging tongues of Europe mean by Britain's decadence?"



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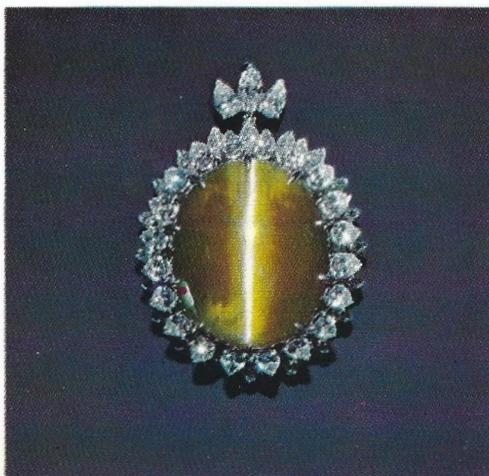
to tire of the other activities) they usually seek us out.

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Realités

January 1968 • Number 206

African art has been solidly in vogue since the Twenties, and its market value has been unflagging, but collectors are, on the whole, surprisingly unenlightened as to the motives that originally prompted the artists to create these objects. The carving on this door of an Ivory Coast tribesman's hut, for example, was executed expressly to protect the life of its owner—in African art the lizard is a powerful life force.



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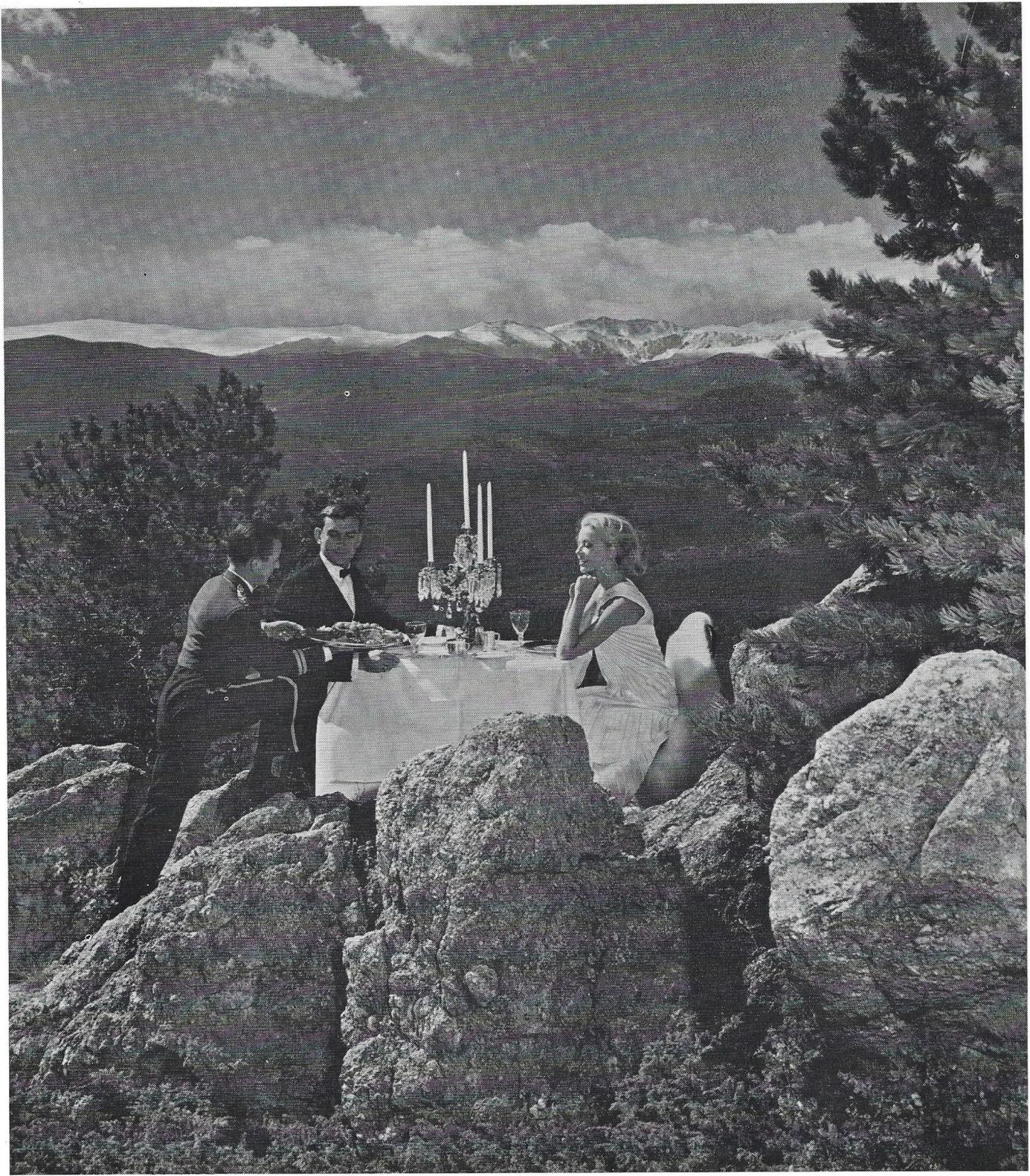
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SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS

BY MARY BLUME WITH PAULE DE BEAUMONT

Roister oysters

James I is supposed to have said, "He was a brave man who first swallowed an oyster."

The French have a different attitude, and they are not at all brave about not being able to swallow an oyster. In fact, they go to pieces if there are no oysters for the *réveillon* (Christmas or New Year's Eve).

The French housewife has been extremely upset this winter over the oyster situation. The problem was not where the oysters would come from, but simply whether there would be any oysters at all.

First there was the threat that oil from the *Torrey Canyon* would ruin them. A last ditch, man-made rescue effort was doomed to failure when suddenly Nature came to the rescue with a change of current that swept the oil away from the oysters.

No sooner was the all-clear sounded than it was discovered that the principal oyster beds were being invaded by tiny mussels, called "*naissains*," which were suffocating the oysters.

The ones that weren't dying from not being able to get their breath were starving to death: the mussels, however minuscule, were out-eating the oysters ten to one.

Well, someone, not Mother Nature, solved that one. The oystermen tried burning straw on the oyster beds and for some reason it worked. The mussels moved on, and fine oysters are turning up in the French markets in the usual quantities at the usual prices (up to \$3 a dozen) and in good time for the holidays and *réveillon*.

Dietary disinterest

If the French continue to live high off the *cochonailles* (pâtés and sausages made with pork) over the New Year's holidays, during the rest of the year it has become chic to claim an utter indifference to food.

Georges Roucayrol, a French journalist, questioned well-known Parisians about their favourite foods and restaurants for his book *Les Lions à table*. He received a surprising number of disinterested replies.

"Food is not important to me," wrote pilot Jacqueline Auriol. "The company is more important than what you eat," said Jean-Paul Belmondo. "I am not, but absolutely not, a gastronome," said writer Joseph Kessel, who is famous for munching martini glasses.

"I'm rarely hungry," Françoise Sagan told M. Roucayrol, "and when I am I dream of a ham sandwich." Her favourite dish is mashed potatoes.

Brigitte Bardot, Annabel Buffet and Charles Trenet also list potatoes as their favourites. Pierre Cardin comes out for spinach.

The biggest favourite of all is an egg, boiled or fried. "A successful fried egg is very difficult to achieve," poetess Marie-Laure de Noailles points out, while actress Anna Karina fastidiously suggests that an egg be boiled in a receptacle with sand at the bottom, "so that the bottom will not be more cooked than any other side."

Some of those who answered M. Roucayrol's questions did, of course, come out

in favour of the classic French cuisine. The hairdresser Alexandre not surprisingly is all for grandeur ("I love the great traditional recipes—cock in pastry, decorated peacock. . . ."), while the Duc de Lévis-Mirepoix sauvely supplies the chicest recipe of all. It is for the classic sauce *Mirepoix* invented by a family chef two centuries ago.

On the other hand, Lucie Faure, wife of the politician, announced: "I hate sauces and complicated cooking," and painter Léonor Fini flatly urged that *sole cardinal*, *bouchée à la reine* and *pêche melba* be banned from all menus.

When it came to listing favourite restaurants few of those questioned came up with unknown little bistros, possibly because they wished to keep them unknown.

Others prudently chose restaurants outside Paris. Peter Ustinov and Jean-Pierre Cassel chose Wheeler's in London; two other people chose the ocean liner *France*.

James Jones, the only American interviewed, unfortunately lets the side down by listing *La Tour d'Argent* as "*mon bistro favori*." The big favourite among the real *Tout Paris* is the *Brasserie Lipp*, a pleasant place indeed, but a no-star non-restaurant from a gastronomic point of view.

None of those who chose Lipp praised its food. "Lipp is familiar to me and full of my friends," said model Bettina. "I like Farague's ceramics," said Yves Saint-Laurent. "I hate places where you 'eat well'—the food is dreadful and the people anti-pathetic," said architect Fernand Pouillon.

Those who chose Lipp range from Mme. Georges Pompidou to author Roucayrol. "I like the atmosphere," he said.

A franc discussion

Tourists coming to France may have an easier time trying to cope with the local currency in 1968.

The problem has been that tourists, as the government has requested for six years now, talk in terms of francs. The French, however—we supposed with the exception of the officials at La Monnaie (the mint)—are on either new francs or old francs.

The "old franc" habit caught hold in 1959 when the government created the "new franc" by lopping two zeros off the old franc. Five hundred old francs (\$1) became five new francs (\$1). The "new franc" habit finally caught hold in about 1963, just as the government decided to abolish "new francs" along with "old francs." So 1963 saw "francs" become the only legally accepted term.

Now, while the tourists have managed to adjust to the changes in the nine years from francs to old francs to new francs to francs, the French have by and large clung to old francs the whole time. A recent survey by Paris' Irès Marketing shows that the government has succeeded in getting no more than 31 per cent of the people to stop talking in old francs.

In a continuing programme to get francs accepted by putting coins on the market that are sensibly marked *continued*



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SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS

continued

in the going denomination, the government has announced that 403,000,000 new coins will be struck in 1968. Among them is a handsome ten-franc piece, which should be especially effective in helping break the old-franc habit because there has not heretofore been a ten-franc piece.

Eleven million of these coins will be turned out during 1968 but, in fact, 28,000,000 were already produced in 1966 and 1967. To insure that they would circulate rather than be hoarded, the new coins were distributed to old-age pensioners who would be obliged to spend them. Still, for some reason, we had never come across one, although we had seen photographs, so we went round to the Paris Mint, a fine old eighteenth-century building on a Left Bank quai where they are being produced, to have a look.

"There is Hercules, to show strength, with Liberty and Equality," said M. Pierre Mounier, a very pleasant Mint official, handing over a coin hot off the ten-franc presses, which were noisily operating under an imposing statue of Abundance in a room dating from about 1770.

"Around the edge are symbols of commerce and industry," he said, and took the coin back and put it on a tall, neat stack.

We said we thought the new coin was probably working wonders in helping people break the old-franc habit.

"So far it has been of little help," said M. Mounier. "Nobody has seen the new coin. People are hoarding it."

But, he explained, this isn't all bad because people have let go of the new five-franc piece, which has been produced by the millions but which has not been too widely circulated, in order to collect the ten-franc coin.

We asked M. Mounier if he had had trouble breaking the old-franc habit.

"I speak in old francs," he said matter-of-factly. "It's not important for the things you buy every day at the butcher and the baker. Five francs or 500, one is as good as the other."

"But new francs are not used to buy a house, land or an automobile. For important purchases, one must speak in old francs. New francs mean nothing in value," said M. Mounier.

"Of course, it will be much easier when all of the money is in the new denominations," he added.

A great deal of confusion has been caused when new coins were being issued before old coins were recalled. In some cases new coins created complete chaos.

For example, a new fifty-centime piece came out that couldn't be told from an old twenty-franc coin (which was actually worth 20 centimes). The man who accepted the old twenty-franc coin thinking it was the new fifty-centime piece was out about \$.06. The uproar was so great that over 100,000,000 of the new fifty-centime pieces had to be recalled. A report read: "The error will cost 5,000,000 francs."

Is that 5,000,000 old francs or 5,000,000 new francs, we asked M. Mounier.

"I don't know," he answered. END

EUROPEAN RECORD REVIEW

Byron Janis (see page 48) has played all the major piano concertos and has recorded many of them. With his masterful technique, marked by a certain vibrant tautness, his understanding of the piano as a versatile vehicle from which an enormous range of sounds and moods can be elicited, the controlled passion of his playing, he is particularly suited to the Russians and the Romantics. Thus we have chosen the three records below, which—although they are not new—are representative of Janis' best work.

ROBERT SCHUMANN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in A minor, op. 54; Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Stanislav Skrowaczewski. Variations on a Theme by Clara Wieck (from Sonata No. 3 in F minor, op. 14) called "Concert Without Orchestra"; Arabesque, op. 18. Soloist: Byron Janis. (Philips-Mercury, compatible 130.564 MLY.)

Schumann's well-known and loved concerto was started by the composer just after he married Clara Wieck in 1840, and the first movement, *Allegro affettuoso*, was originally a *Fantasie* that expressed his joy and his passion for his wife. The second and third movements, *Intermezzo* and *Allegro vivace*, followed several years later, and the whole concerto was first played by Clara Schumann in 1845.

While the work could be overflowing with tender sentimentality, Janis plays it with feeling that is sincere without being effete. In the opening movement, with astonishing phrasing and dynamics, he brings out a whole range of moods, from tenderness to assertive, dark passion. In the second short movement the piano almost literally sings with the melodies that are very close to the lieder that Schumann was writing at the time. The finale, with its alternate binary and ternary rhythms, the flowing arpeggios and accentuated chords, presents no difficulty at all to Janis, who masters all the technical difficulties of the music while finding a whole range of nuances in the gradually-building climax of the finale.

The *Variations* show another side of Schumann, which Janis brings out fully—capricious, hesitating, moody and brooding, and in the *Arabesque* it's back to Schumann in a happy mood, and the pianist interprets the piece with ease, grace and tenderness.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Piano Concerto No. 1 in B-flat major, op. 23. London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Herbert Menges; RACHMANINOFF: Piano Concerto No. 2 in C minor, op. 18; Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Antal Dorati. Soloist: Byron Janis. (Philips-Mercury, compatible, 130.259 MLY.)

Supposedly the first Russian concerto to be played in the West (Hans von Bülow played it in 1875 in New York), Tchaikovsky's First had an immediate success, which has continued unflaggingly through the years. A favourite with concertgoers, continued

The Hasselblad System... and why a certain kind of person might fall in love with it.

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Now don't misunderstand us, we are not criticizing either the person or the camera. They both will probably be very happy with each other...But, there is another kind of person. The kind who buys a fine automobile, not just to get from point A to point B, but also for the great pleasure he gets from actually driving it. For this kind of person there is also a certain kind of camera...the Hasselblad...A camera that doesn't do all the thinking for you.

The Hasselblad is a camera for the kind of person who buys a piece of mechanical equipment, not just to perform a particular function, but also for other, almost intangible, reasons. For the feel, the look, the touch, sometimes even the smell of it. Certainly he could give you very sound, logical reasons for buying it and probably spending much more money than he would pay for the simpler, non-involving "push-button" model, but none of these would be the real reasons.

The real reason is very simple—he fell in love with it. Many men (and a very few lucky women) fall in love with a beautiful machine. To these men, there is something about a piece of equipment that not only looks, but feels good and performs its function better, because it's designed and built better than anything else in the world.

And that's what the Hasselblad is. The best designed and built camera in the world.

Many people have bought a Hasselblad after just holding one in their hands for a couple of minutes. They seem to know instinctively that it will take great photographs. And, if even further proof is needed, not only has a Hasselblad been carried on every NASA space flight, but more top professional photographers use Hasselblad than any other camera in the world. The basic Hasselblad camera is really just part of a completely integrated and interchangeable system of camera bodies, film magazines, lenses and accessories.

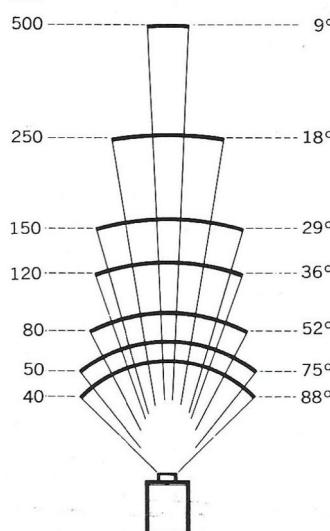
The film format used in the Hasselblad System is $2\frac{1}{4}$ " square. This has been described as the "ideal" format, and with good reason. It's big enough to give you pictures of superb quality and definition, and yet small enough to allow the design and physical shape of the camera to be as compact as it is.

The Hasselblad uses the single lens reflex viewing system. The beauty of this method is that you see the object you are going to photograph on a large $2\frac{1}{4}$ " square ground glass viewing screen, as you look through the actual lens that will take the picture, so you always know exactly how your finished picture will turn out.

There are three bodies in the Hasselblad System, each one designed and constructed to perform its own particular function better than any other camera of its type.

Firstly, the 500C. This could almost be called the "workhorse" of the Hasselblad System. It is the standard body in the System and takes all the lenses and magazines that are available for the Hasselblad. No single camera has been used and praised more by the top professional and amateur photographers than the 500C. The other two bodies are more "special purpose" cameras. The 500EL, which is an electrically driven camera allowing for rapid exposures and remote control, and the Superwide C wide angle camera. No other camera using the $2\frac{1}{4}$ " square format has as wide an angle of view as the Superwide C. On its introduction, this camera was hailed as a breakthrough in camera design. There are seven lenses

mm



Interchangeable Lenses. This diagram illustrates the focal length (l.) and the angle of view (r.) of the seven lenses available in the Hasselblad System.

in the Hasselblad System, all by Carl Zeiss, makers of superb quality optical glass for generations. The lenses range from a 40mm wide angle, to a 500mm telephoto. Every lens has a built in Synchro Compur shutter with provision for flash and strobe synchronization at all 10 shutter speeds, from 1/500 of a second to 1 second.

One of the most striking features of the Hasselblad System is the interchangeable film magazines, each one of superb design and construction. The beauty of these magazines is that with just one camera body, a photographer can shoot pictures in black and white. Then, before finishing the roll, change to a magazine loaded with color, shoot a few color shots, then go back to black and white film. One magazine even allows you to make 70 exposures on one roll of film. Hasselblad was the first camera system to offer the advantage of interchangeable magazines.

There are many many accessories in the Hasselblad System, each one designed and built to the same extreme standards of quality and craftsmanship that Hasselblad has become famous for.

Shown below are just a few items in the System.

Like all good things in life, the Hasselblad is expensive, but if you're the kind of person we have been talking about (and you wouldn't have read this far if you weren't) then, who knows, with this kind of camera, perhaps you could live on love alone.

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EUROPEAN RECORD REVIEW

continued

audiences, it is grandiose music, a blend of Russian folk music, ballroom sophistication and thundering Romanticism. The piece has no doubt been over-played; it has become almost popular music, and anybody can hum its themes. Yet Janis gives it new warmth, a fiery and powerful interpretation; he plays the *Andantino semplice* with infinite tenderness, and zips through the runs in the second movement, *Prestissimo*, with dashing dexterity, and his rendition of the third movement justified a French critic's epithet of "velvet fingers."

Written after Rachmaninoff had recovered from a nervous breakdown, and played publicly in 1901, the Second Piano Concerto has been criticized by many music lovers for its sentimental lyricism, for certain orchestral weaknesses and a retrograde Romanticism. But crowds still thrill to the rolling opening chords and wildly applaud the spectacular final movement. And Janis' performances, notably, "leave them in the aisles." His interpretation of Rachmaninoff is brilliant and fluid, with the Romantic outpourings fully expressed, yet perfectly controlled. This record, already popular with many lovers of Romantic music, is a classic of its kind.

PROKOFIEV: Piano Concerto no. 3 in C major, op. 26; RACHMANINOFF: Piano Concerto no. 1 in F sharp major, op. 1. Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Kyriil Kondrashin. Soloist: Byron Janis. (Philips-Mercury, compatible, 130.525 MLY.)

This recording of the Prokofiev concerto won France's most coveted recording prize, the Grand Prix du Disque Charles Cros, and with good reason. Written by Prokofiev over a period of ten years, from 1911-1921, the work is far from easy, marked by brilliant lyrical effusions, hints of dissonance, the dreamy qualities of the impressionists, and intricate changes of rhythm. The combination of Kondrashin's conducting and Janis' interpretation is an exceptional meeting of talents; pianist and orchestra weave an enchanting, irresistible spell like a brilliantly-coloured series of tapestries whose varied moods culminate in the shattering cascades of the finale. Byron Janis' unfailing technique and his way of making a piano sound like a whole orchestra are invaluable. When Prokofiev's widow heard Janis' interpretation of the piece in 1962, she said: "I was deeply moved... it was breathtaking... he plays with fantastic inspiration." One could say the same of his performance on the record.

Rachmaninoff and Prokofiev were contemporaries. But, unlike Prokofiev's work, the Rachmaninoff concerto harks back to the previous century—evoking touches of Chopin and Liszt, and of the composer's master, Tchaikovsky. Here Janis becomes the enthusiastic participant in a Romantic mood, but without ever losing absolute control of the instrument and the feeling. The piece is filled with virtuoso passages, rippling arpeggios and impassioned chords, and is an excellent vehicle for Janis, who can show off without being a show-off. END



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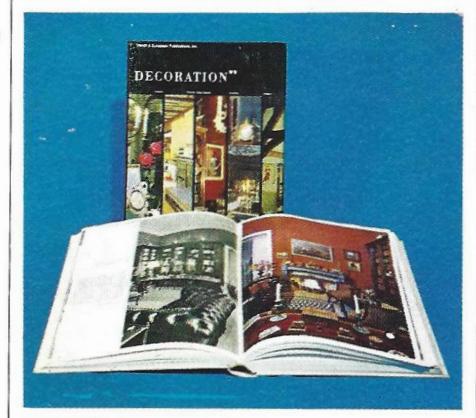
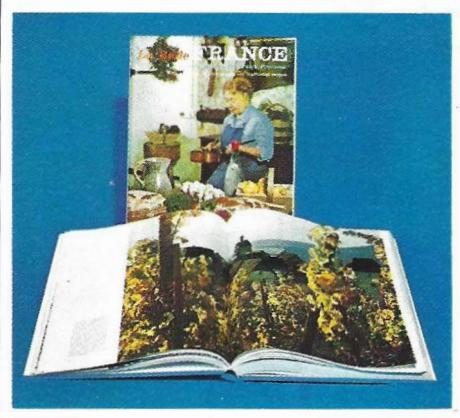
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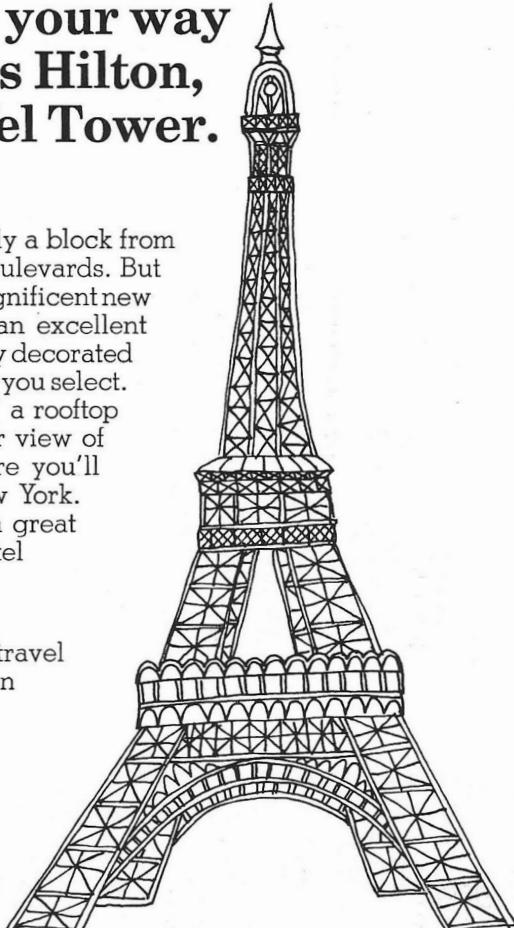
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INTERNATIONAL ART MARKET TRENDS IN NEW YORK, LONDON, AND PARIS

BY GÉRALD SCHURR

AFRICAN ART

(See cover and article on page 64)
Nothing illustrates the recent changes in our artistic taste so strikingly as our admiration for African art. That admiration could not have existed prior to the 20th century: traditional European forms had to be turned topsy-turvy before one realized that the "primitiveness" of African art was one of the very qualities for which Europeans artists were searching.

So no wonder that the French painters of the beginning of the century were stunned by their first glimpse of African art! In a then obscure continent, even obscurer artists had been doing for generations what they, the beacons of Western civilization, now wanted to do. And from that moment, when African forms were adopted in Europe's artistic vocabulary, the art's success on the art market was assured.

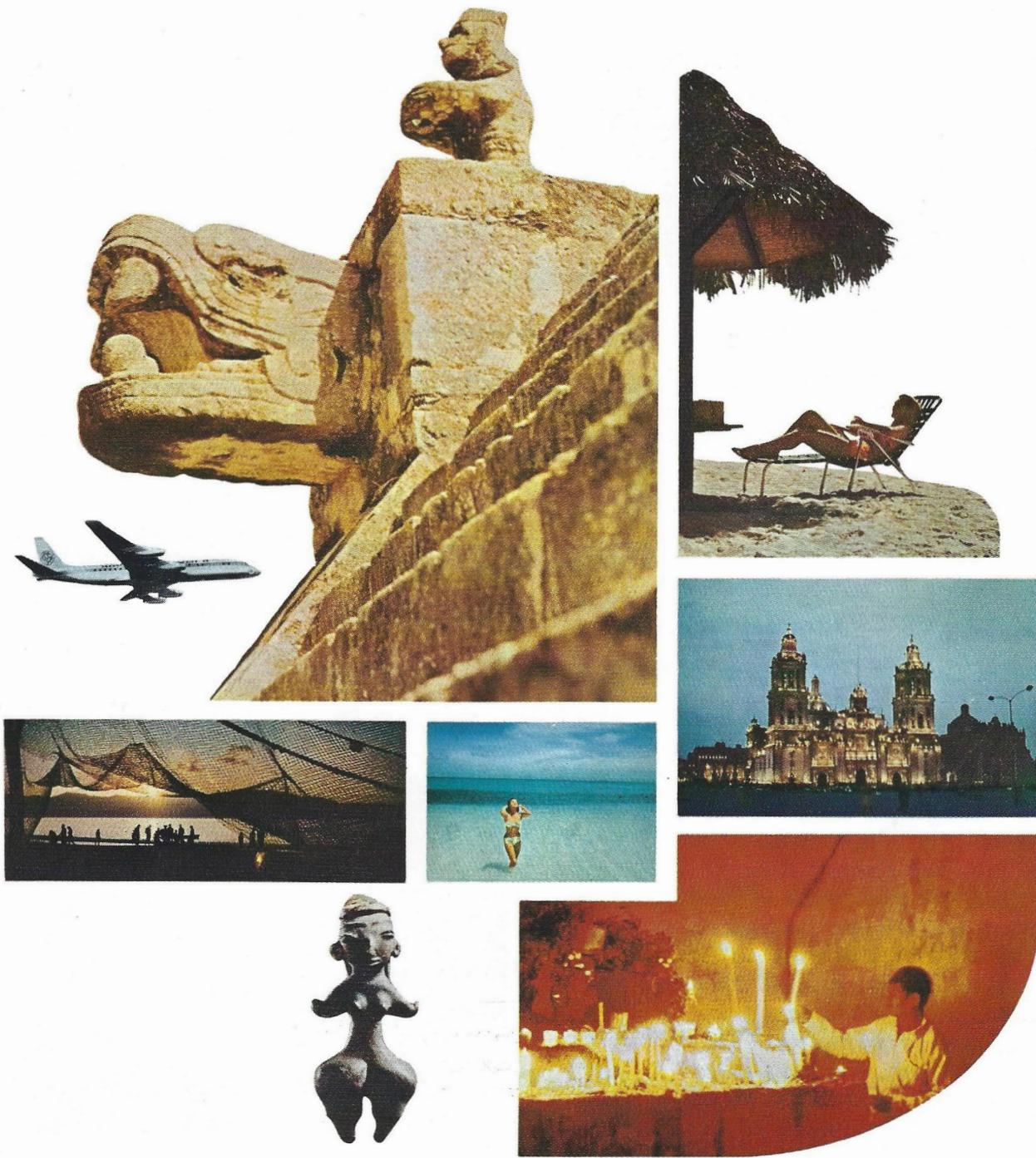
Arriving on the scene some sixty years later, today's collector feels that only minor discoveries have been left for him to make: the great African art collections, both public and private, made large inroads into the by no means inexhaustible supply. But a dedicated enthusiast can still find many minor objects of great beauty at prices that wouldn't deter even occasional collectors. For \$300 or about £100, tenacious collectors will be able to unearth marvels.

High in contemporary collectors' favour is the monumental bronze sculpture from Benin, Nigeria. In April last year, Parke-Bernet sold a bronze plaque (1), 21 ins. by 14 1/2 ins., for \$16,000 or £5,600. The plaque shows a warrior holding spear and sword.



1

continued



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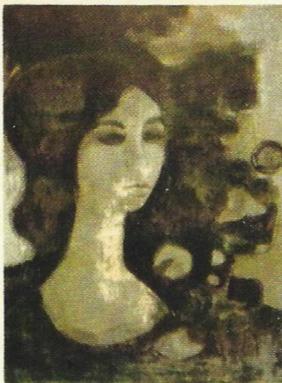
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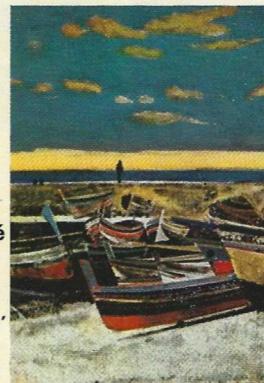
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ART MARKET TRENDS

continued

Round his neck are carved a leopard-tooth necklace and—forerunner of modern fashion—a bell. At a slightly earlier sale, Parke-Bernet offered an ancestral figure in wood and brass (2) from Bakota in the Congo. The figure is 20 1/2 ins. high, and sold for \$1,050 or £370. Its religious functions are resumed in our article further on in the magazine.

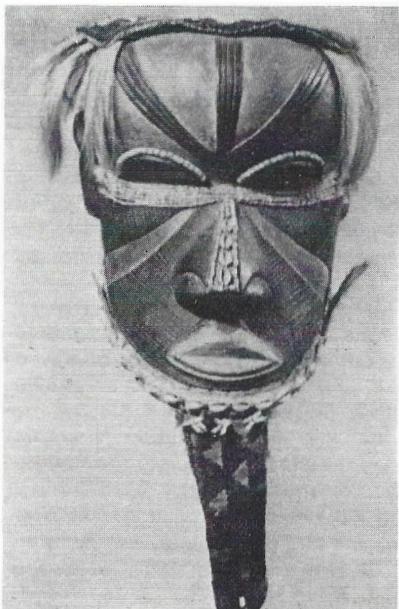
A dance mask (3), 15 1/2 ins. in height, from Basonga made \$1,500 or £525 at Parke-Bernet's sale in January, 1967. Made in wood, its impressive features are highlighted in red and white. Another dance mask (4), this time from Bakuba, came up at Parke-Bernet's last April and fetched \$600 or £210. It is decorated with strands of beads and cowrie shells, and its overall height is 14 1/2 ins.

At 27 3/4 ins., the male is just taller than the female, who is distinguished by facial and body scarifications. During the same sale, a Senufo wooden door (5), 50 ins. by 30 ins., brought in \$425 or £160. It shows a sun symbol at centre with various reptiles and masks on the outer friezes.

The Dan tribes, also in Ivory Coast, have

specialized in one artistic form: the mask. This wooden "fire demon" mask (6), 15 1/4 ins. high, was donned by runners whose duty it was to warn people working in the fields of an outbreak of fire. Its classic sobriety fetched it £250 or \$700 at Sotheby's last June.

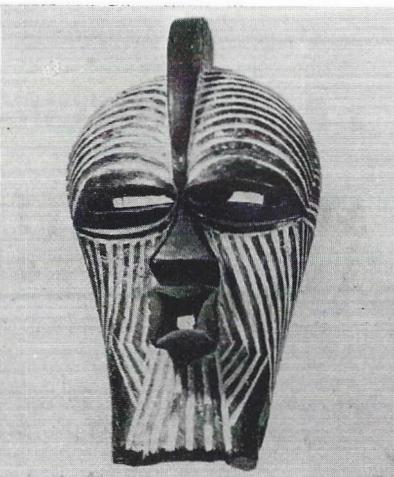
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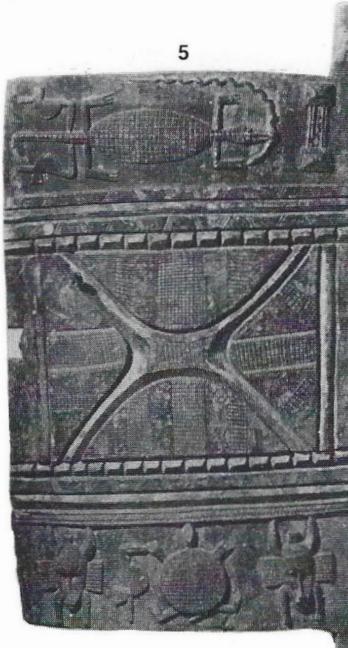
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3



5



6



continued



VLAMINCK (1876-1958) "Fleurs sur fond clair" c. 1915. 22" x 17"

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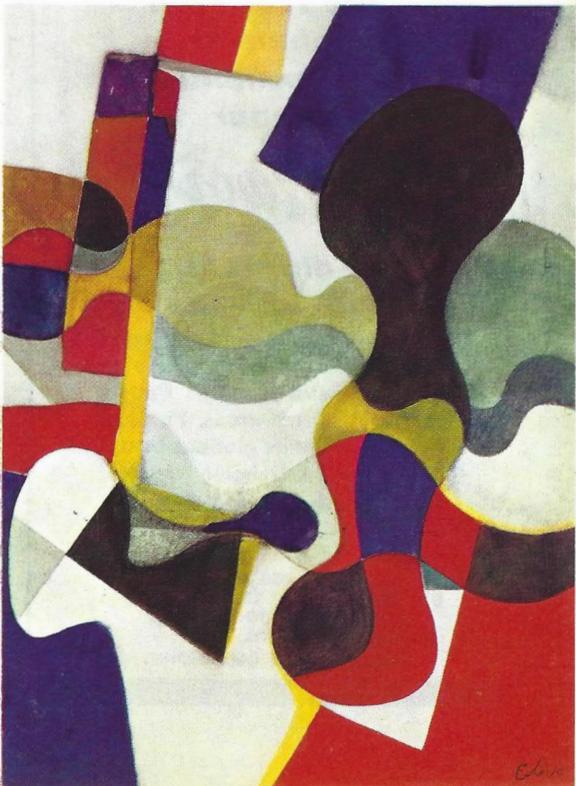
While many think of Vlaminck as a landscape painter, a major portion of his work was flowers. Here is a rare example from his "Cézanne" period.

Estève is emerging as France's foremost abstract artist. His brilliant watercolors hang in the classic collections.

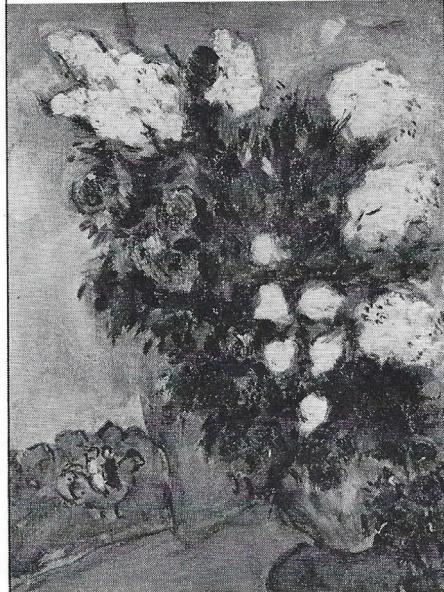
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ART MARKET TRENDS

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WILLIAM BLAKE

(See article on page 78)

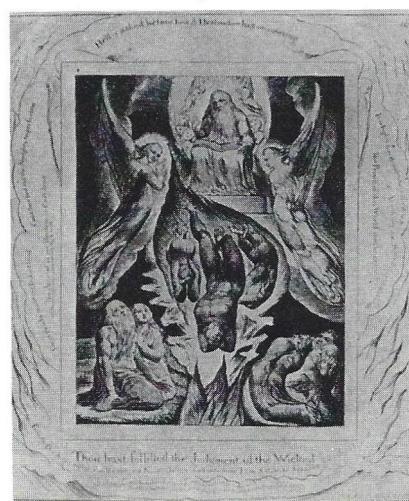
"Mad" William Blake (1757-1827) had to wait many posthumous years before any large body of people took his writings and his art to heart. His vision and the form it took were so far from the accepted ideal of his day that the rulers of taste dismissed him as an irritatingly persistent oddity. Now he has been set firmly on a throne of his own: the modern world sees a reflection of its own desire for mystical fantasies in his long-neglected art, and as always the art market is not far behind.

Last March Parke-Bernet brought Blake's *Illustrations to the Book of Job* to auction. It was a set of twenty-one plates engraved by Blake, and it fetched \$5,250 or £1,875. Each plate measures about 8 1/4 ins. by 6 1/2 ins. and our illustration (7) shows a damned creature thrown into the flames.

A coloured print of *Urizen* (8), 5 3/4 ins. by 4 1/8 ins., which has been worked over in brown ink and watercolour, was auctioned at Christie's March, 1967, sale and fetched £735 or \$2,060. END



7



8

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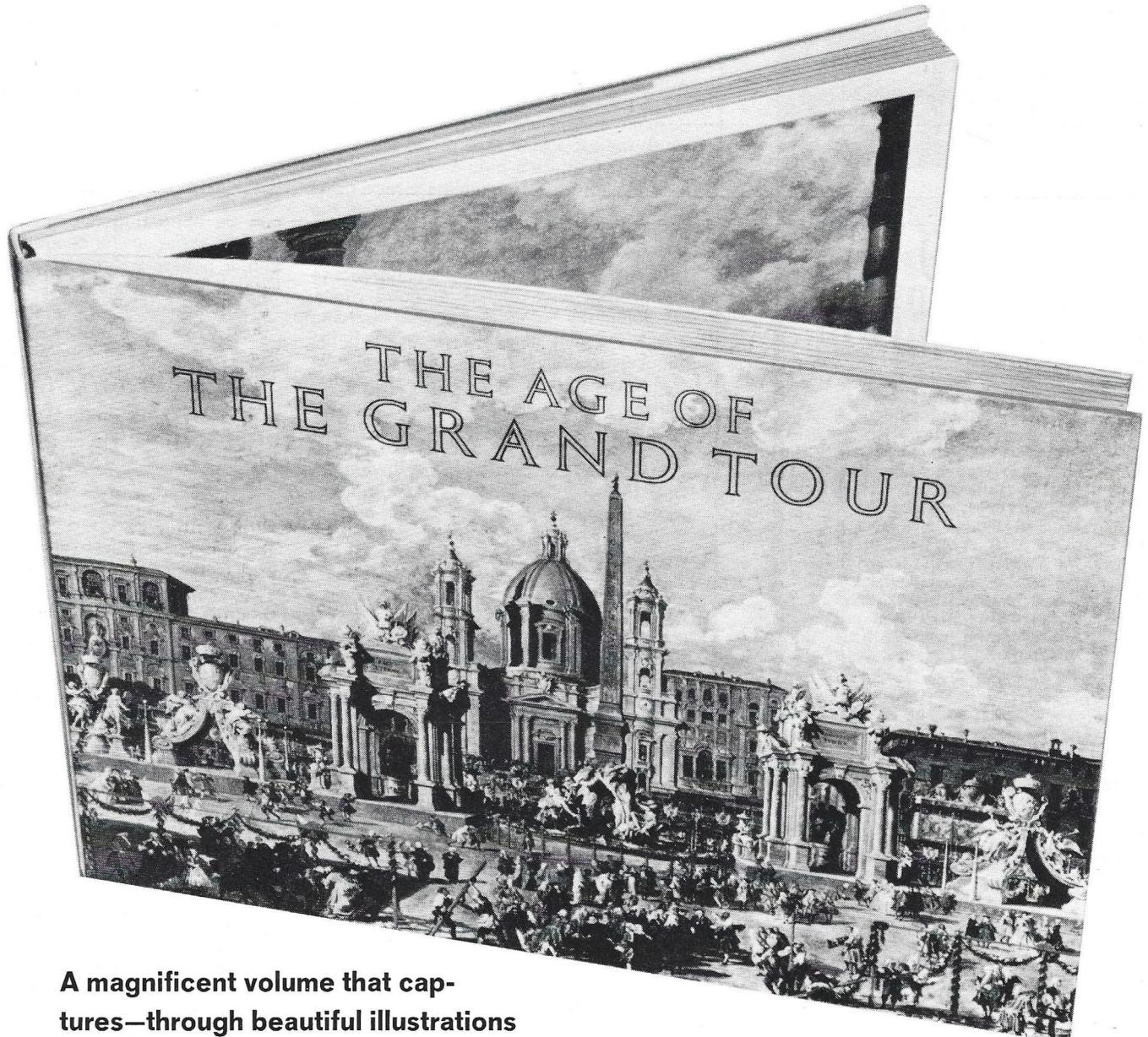
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MARGINAL TRAVEL NOTES

ARDEBIL

see article on page 42

Ardebil is in northwest Iran and, since the Caspian Sea is but a day's drive, is well worth the extra time. One drives out of the dry plateau into the mountains right up to their peaks. These mountains form a great dam to block the clouds that form over the Caspian Sea, and the resulting rains turn the narrow coastal strip along the south side of the sea into a damp and productive region. The wide choice of good roads, the numerous hotels, motels and boarding houses to suit almost every pocket, the genuine hospitality of the people, all help explain why the Caspian coast is an extremely popular holiday area. At Ramsar one finds a holiday centre with two first-class hotels managed as a single unit by the Pahlevi Foundation, with beautifully laid-out formal gardens, a casino and sea-water swimming pool right on the edge of the beach. Also to be seen and enjoyed are the sulphur baths and zoological gardens.

How to get there

Daily flights are offered from New York by Pan American, Air France, El Al, Air-India and Sabena to Tehran, capital of Iran. Fare: first class (round trip): \$1,443.70; economy class (round trip): \$946.20; twenty-one-day excursion (round trip): \$710. From London: by BOAC, Qantas, Air-India, Air Iran. Fare: first class (round trip): £283 2s; tourist: £195 14s.

To visit the mausoleum at Ardebil, the best method is to fly to Tabriz, the nearest major city, by Air Iran. It is also possible to hire a car in Tehran through a travel agent. Tabriz offers several modest hotels. Inquiry at Tehran hotels will give all the information needed.

General information

Smallpox vaccination is required of all persons entering Iran. Foreign visitors must sell their foreign currency to authorized banks only. Visas can be obtained through the Iranian consulate or embassy nearest your home or point of departure. (In New York: Consulate of Iran, 630 Fifth Avenue; in London: 50 Kensington Court, W.8)

Rates of exchange

\$1 = 75 rials;
£1 = 210 rials.

Climate

The prevailing conditions of the plateau region are dry and sunny. The Caspian Sea and Persian Gulf coasts have areas of high humidity and considerable rainfall. On the plateau the seasons are strongly marked—hot in summer, cold in winter, moderate in the spring and autumn. There is brilliant sunshine every day.

TEHRAN

While in Tehran, a city of fascinating contrast between Iran's past and the present-

day architecture, certain sights should not be missed. A guide is recommended. The Golestan Palace, built by the Qajar shahs in the early 19th century, is filled with rich carpets, tapestries, and furnishings and is surrounded by elegant formal gardens. The crown jewels may be seen at the Markazi Bank; they are an impressive array of the world's most exotic rubies, diamonds, emeralds, pearls and gold. The bazaar is a must, particularly for those who have never seen an Oriental market. Almost anything can be bought there—and more cheaply than in shops in the centre of town. Each corner houses a different craft. A guide is very handy, particularly in bargaining, without which a trip to the bazaar is incomplete.

Five miles from Tehran, at Rey, one can see the Shrine of Shah Abdul Azim. Over 1,000,000 pilgrims journey to this mosque each year. Non-Muslims should not enter. Also at Rey is the Spring of Ali, where carpet washers work in the clear waters, providing an unusual and colourful spectacle.

Where to stay

The Park Hotel; Royal Tehran Hilton; Banak (especially recommended for those who enjoy superb service and attention only Orientals know how to offer).

Cabarets and nightclubs

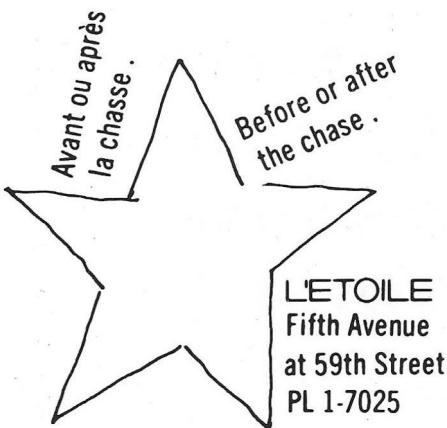
Colbeh is the best nightclub in Tehran, with restaurant, bar and dancing until daylight. In addition there are The Miami (floorshow, dancing, restaurant and bar); the Persian Room in the Royal Tehran Hilton (floorshow, dancing, restaurant and bar); and the Shekoofeh Now (excellent floorshow, dancing, restaurant and bar).

Tourist information offices

For further information, inquire at the information office at Mehrabad Airport or the Iran National Tourist Organization, Vesale Shirazi Avenue. For travel arrangements throughout Iran, Persepolis Travel Ltd., 667 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. is the best informed in the United States and can look after all the traveller's needs. END

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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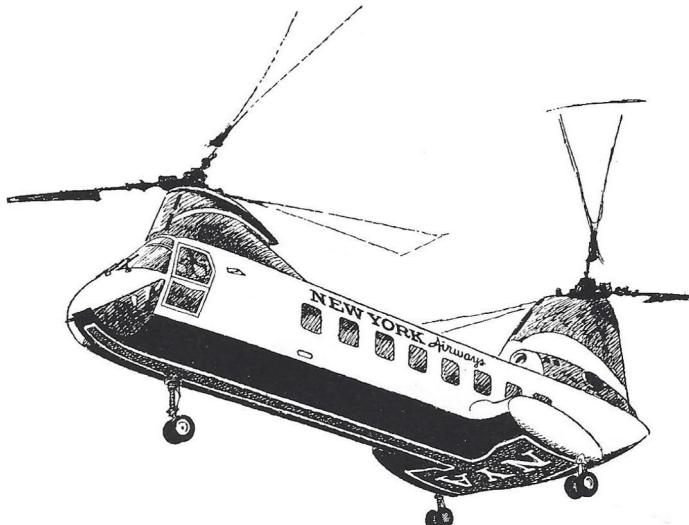
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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

Cutting from "San Francisco Chronicle"

Finch Keeps Tabs on Oakland Demonstration

Sacramento.

Lieutenant Governor Robert H. Finch received reports every half hour yesterday on the anti-draft demonstration at the Oakland Army Induction center.

Finch declined to comment on any possibility the National Guard might be activated to help control the situation at the center, where anti-war demonstrators attempted to block entrance. About 100 California Highway Patrol officers were assigned to the center earlier in the day, and Paul Buck, Reagan's press secretary, said, "we are always in a state of readiness."

Keep smiling, Governor, every cloud has a silver lining

A year's free subscription to Mr. W.D. Hackney, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Cutting from "The Santa Ana Register"



BACK-HOME-AGAIN SAM — It was waffles for breakfast Sunday for Sam, No. 1 pet at the Buddy Ebsen household in Newport Beach, located Friday and returned home, ending a highly-publicized 4½ month absence which began when he was rescued from children chasing him and befriended by strangers. Ebsen, said it was difficult to determine who was happier — Sam or Bonnie Ebsen, 15, shown holding the perky Yorkshire terrier. (Register photo)

At times you'd think he's almost human

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These are just a handful of the many comments already received. Gratifying to us and certainly more so to EN FRANCE library owners were the letters written to us in French, only shortly after the course was received. All of these people had their own reasons for wanting EN FRANCE. Some wanted to learn French in a hurry before traveling abroad. Some wanted to brush up on the language they studied years ago in school. Others found it useful in furthering their careers. Students found it an extremely valuable addition to the school curriculum.

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How to Buy a Perfume

by Christian Dior

1. Walk up to the perfume counter with the same assurance as you would to your favorite bar. Tell the "bartender" a little about The Woman In Your Life. It will help her to help you.

2. Don't test the fragrance by sniffing the top of the tester bottle; it's not the true scent. Or by dabbing. Dabbing concentrates it too much. Instead, spray it. In the air. On the saleslady's arm. Or—if you're man enough—on your own arm.

3. Sniff this one and that one and the next. But no more than three. After three whiffs you can't tell a rose from an onion. Your nose loses its power to discriminate.

4. If you like a certain fragrance, then chances are so will The Woman In Your Life. After all, she's wearing it to please you, isn't she? (If the answer is "no," turn the page. You shouldn't be buying her perfume in the first place.)

5. Now ante up. And if you want to make a knowledgeable impres-

sion, don't buy too large a bottle. Perfume, like fine wine, changes when opened.

6. Make a mental note: If she has more than one bottle on hand, you're going to tell her to keep the perfume cool...in a dark place. (And if things are going really well, you're going to help her find that place!)

And that's it. Except for one thing. The kind of perfume.

It should be a good name.
We have a good name. Dior

An exclusive interview by Réalités reporter Tanneguy de Quénetain with the philosopher Jean Guitton of the Académie Française, a close friend of Pope Paul VI for a number of years.

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH PAUL VI

Those people who can claim intimacy with Paul VI may be counted on the fingers of one hand, but among them is Jean Guitton of the Académie Française. He met Monsignor Montini for the first time in Rome in 1950, when the latter was Acting Secretary of State under Pius XII, and a friendship developed at once between the Italian and the Frenchman. "It was, if you like, love at first sight," Jean Guitton says. Between the shy, reserved and reticent prelate and the spontaneous and sociable philosopher there began a relationship which has only deepened during the past seventeen years, taking on a more deferential note, on Jean Guitton's side, as Monsignor Montini gradually moved up to the highest place in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Jean Guitton is one of the few people who have stayed at Castelgandolfo, summer residence of the popes, and he was one of the two laymen chosen by Paul VI to address the Vatican Council (the other was Vittorio Veronese, Director-General of Unesco).

One outcome of their friendship has been a book entitled *Dialogues with Paul VI* (1), which is the only important direct account to date of the life and thought of the Head of the Catholic Church. This was reason enough for us to send Tanneguy de Quénetain to interview Jean Guitton at length on two different occasions, so that he could let our readers have a foretaste of his pen-portrait of Paul VI.

You have called your book "Dialogues with Paul VI." However, it does not consist solely of conversation and, at the same time, you yourself say in your

preface that "the statements given are not always actually historical." What do you mean by this?

Some of the conversations in my book (in the first and last chapters) were taken down more or less verbatim, and there are other statements that I put together with the help of his writings that are unknown to the general public and to which I had access. And then, once a certain degree of intellectual intimacy has been achieved between two people, it is possible for one of them to guess what the other's reply would be to a given question. So even if the remarks I attribute to him are not all in his actual words, I can at least affirm that I believe them all to be true.

I used this method on a previous occasion in my *Dialogues with Monsieur Pouget*, because, before I made the acquaintance of Paul VI, I had been a devoted disciple of this cleric-philosopher and had acquired an intimate knowledge of every aspect of his thought. Of course, it was both a more difficult and more ambitious undertaking to apply the method to such an eminent figure as Paul VI. I took the risk of doing so, however, with the knowledge that I had two illustrious predecessors—Plato, who put words into Socrates' mouth, and the Gospel according to St. John, which records Jesus' sayings. In neither instance can we assert that the statements reported are historically true, and yet they are true in the sense that the disciples had so completely grasped the significance of their masters' thought that it became their own and continued to develop within them.

Did Paul VI agree to your method of composition and to the book's contents? I wrote it without telling him about it,

but I subsequently sent him a copy of the text. In reply I received the following telegram: "Nimis bene scripsisti de Nobis," which can, he later explained to me, be translated in two ways, either as "Thou hast written very well about Us" or "Thou hast written too well about Us."

The reader may indeed wonder if you have not "written too well," since your portrait of the Pope includes no criticism of him and makes no mention of any shortcomings.

I did not offer any criticism, because I did not think it right for me publicly to criticize a man who is both the Pontiff and a spiritual guide to whom I owe a very great deal. Even had I believed him to be open to criticism, I would have been inhibited by a sense of decorum. The fact remains that Paul VI, like any other man, has his limitations. I have, therefore, tried to paint a very detailed and accurate portrait in which I describe him more as a man than in his capacity as pope and show him to be at once sensitive, uncertain and complex; in this, he is like "modern man," since his "limitations" are those of modern man weighed down by the task of bringing to birth a new world in the midst of perils.

John XXIII is supposed to have said one day, when enquiring after Monsignor Montini, "And how is the Hamlet-like Archbishop of Milan?" What is your view of this comparison?

It is true that this witticism has been attributed to John XXIII. We have no proof that it is not apocryphal, and it has done Paul VI a great deal of harm.

Yes, but does it not correspond to some psychological truth? Is Paul VI not

(1) Published in Paris by Arthème Fayard, it will appear in New York and London in March, published by Meredith Press and Weidenfeld and Nicolson respectively.

the sort of man who weighs the arguments for and against a given course of action so carefully that action itself is too long delayed?

It could be said that were he to yield to any particular temptation, it would be to that symbolized by the character of Hamlet. But even someone with a Hamlet inside him is not necessarily incapable of taking action and being creative. Shakespeare himself is proof of this, so why not compare Paul VI to Shakespeare rather than to Hamlet?

If his vocation for the priesthood had not been his dominant feature, Paul VI might have been a great artist. I feel that it is with poets and artists that he is in closest communion. He has a special affinity with Shakespeare, Dante and St. Augustine, all three of them literary geniuses. He often quotes Verlaine, whose religious poems—especially those in the collection *Sagesse*—are in harmony with his own sensibility. Verlaine's famous remark, "I feel ecstasy and terror at having been chosen," makes one think of Paul VI's attitude towards the triple crown, which he has called "this delightful yet terrible burden." He is especially interested in French literature.

Do you think Paul VI is a great writer?
It is difficult to say. He is not the sole author of certain of his Encyclical Letters, all of which are, in any case, written in Latin. When he himself writes in Italian, his style is somewhat reminiscent of Proust's because of its long sentences, in which the ideas are presented with such subtlety that they are not always easy to follow. I recently read—I quoted from it in my *Dialogues*—one of his early works in which he makes a very moving comparison between the role of the priest and that of the poet. Each of them has the task of acting as an intermediary between human suffering and God by sublimating suffering, the poet through his art and the priest through prayer. Thanks to the intermediacy of the priest, who represents Christ, "the Word becomes flesh," whereas by the intermediacy of the poet, the flesh becomes the Word. Priest and poet are moving to meet each other along one and the same axis.

This is one of Paul VI's most cherished ideas. Even so, he has an even more pronounced attraction towards the fine arts. He has rid the Vatican of a great many gilded and antiquated pieces and has had his private chapel decorated by young Italian artists in a deliberately severe modern style. His taste tends towards the Attic or the Florentine, and he is less appreciative of the Gothic or the Baroque. As regards modern painting, he is attracted to Chagall, some of whose works he would have

liked to acquire for the Vatican, and also to Rouault, one of whose pictures he presented to the UN. Paul VI has a Platonic conception of beauty. He sees it as one of the roads to truth: "Beauty is truth in its splendour."

You have said that Paul VI is essentially a modern man. In what respects is he more modern than his predecessors Pius XII or John XXIII?

He is more modern, it seems to me, in that he shares the anxieties of modern man more than they did. Paul VI is very sensitive to the difficulties surrounding religious belief in the world today. He is not like some former great popes and saints, who were bluff, uncomplicated characters. Paul VI examines matters carefully, takes soundings, asks questions and listens; I think he is a much better listener than his predecessors were.

Pius XII was an awe-inspiring man who did not always put people at their ease; John XXIII tended to overwhelm them in a flood of words, so that the dialogue turned to a monologue. Paul VI is very conscious of the adult status of modern man and of the fact that he can no longer be spoken to as in previous centuries. If I may put it this way, the Very Holy Father must become the Very Holy Brother. Paul VI is deeply imbued with the idea that the basis of all authority is service. As far as possible, he avoids anything which might seem too pontifical or paternalist in his attitudes as pope. He always tries to make it a practical impossibility for a visitor entering his room to kneel and kiss the ring, as protocol prescribes.

You have said that Paul VI is aware of the adult status of modern man. How is this awareness translated into practice? For instance, what part does he attribute to the laity in the Church?
Paul VI attaches very great importance to the part that lay members can play in their capacity as witnesses and "prophets." The layman, because he is more involved in secular life than the priest, can and must take an active part as a witness of Christ among his fellow-men, whether believers or nonbelievers, and as a source of information and advice for the priesthood. During the last Vatican Council, the number of lay members was gradually increased and their functions considerably extended; by the final session, they had reached a total of almost fifty.

Paul VI has also created a special commission for the teaching of the laity. He believes in the eventual emergence of a lay theology; by this, I mean that laymen will play an increasingly important part in theology, but obviously not in the same way as the bishops

do, since laymen are not members of the Church as Teacher. That function is restricted to the bishops, together with the pope. Laymen propose, the bishops dispose.

You said that Paul VI shares the anxieties of modern man. But are there not certain fields in which he could take more vigorous action in order to alleviate those anxieties? I am thinking now of that burning question which directly affects so many people—the rapid rise in the world population and its relationship to birth control. Will Paul VI authorize Catholic couples to use the "pill"?

He seems to be in a difficult situation. He is fully aware of the urgent nature of the problem, and has made a thorough study of its sociological and medical aspects—I have seen huge piles of documents on his desk—but so far certain features have encouraged him to maintain the status quo. There is, first of all, the weight of the venerable and centuries-old tradition of the Church. Then there are the unforeseeable repercussions of birth control on both public health and morality. Supposing it is discovered in ten years' time that the pill produces imbeciles? And, once the pill has been accepted, why should abortion not come to be accepted too?

In theory, one of the aims of the pill is precisely to limit abortion.

Yes, but what I mean is this: once the Church has embarked on a policy of concession, where would it be possible to call a halt? Paul VI seems to fear a collapse of morality and a depreciation of certain virtues prized by the Church, such as chastity and continence.

You think, then, that he will not give a positive answer on this point?

He is a very secretive man who makes his plans well in advance and reveals them only in stages. One of his favourite words is "gradually." He doesn't like to be hurried along or to feel that his hand is being forced.

Modern man is faced with another great anxiety, which is the threat of nuclear war. Paul VI has attended a UN meeting, and Vatican diplomacy has tried to influence the Vietnam situation, but can we hope for any really concrete results?

This is a problem with which Paul VI is deeply concerned. I think he is convinced that, barring divine intervention, nuclear war may one day become inevitable. What he fears is that some head of state may not hesitate to sacrifice hundreds of millions of lives in an atomic war either to satisfy his ambitions or through ideological

fanaticism. Maoist China, for example, might be capable of such an action.

Where does Paul VI stand as regards the reunification of the Christian Churches. Do you think we can expect any decisive move in this field during his pontificate?

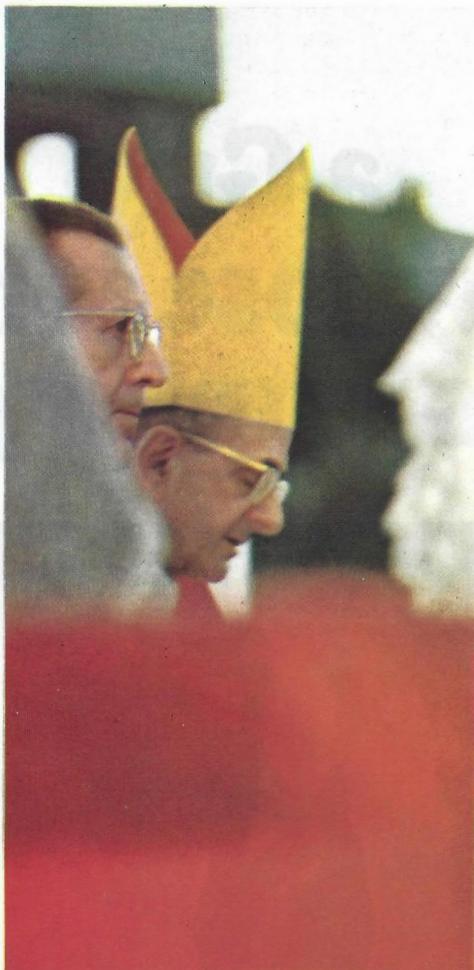
Yes, such a development is conceivable, at least in respect to the relationship with the Orthodox Church. It is more than a possibility; it is even a probability. Paul VI's visit to Istanbul caused less public stir than some of his other journeys, and yet it may be remembered in history as one of the most fruitful. He showed admirable humility in taking the initiative and going to see the Patriarch Athenagoras on his own territory in Constantinople. It was some time before the Patriarch returned the visit, since he had first to consult the leaders of the independent branches of the Orthodox Church, but the dialogue is now open.

Only one serious problem remains to be settled between the Roman Catholic Church and the Orthodox Church. The latter does not recognize those parts of the dogma which were promulgated by the popes without consultation with the Orthodox Church (the Immaculate Conception, Papal Infallibility and the Assumption). I believe that some modus vivendi will be found as regards these issues. Reconciliation with the Orthodox Church could lead very rapidly to a similar reconciliation with the Anglican Church, since, all things considered, the latter—especially through its recognition of the episcopal function—is nearer to the Orthodox Church than it is to the Protestant sects. The Archbishop of Canterbury could become Patriarch of the West, and the Anglican Church would preserve its autonomy within the Catholic Church.

Over and above the dialogue between the different Churches, there is the much more serious problem of the relationship between the Church and non-believers. Is Paul VI in favour of interchange, and what is his attitude towards the problem of atheism?

No one has spoken about atheists with as much understanding as Paul VI, as can be seen from his very first Encyclical Letter, *Ecclesiam suam*. He founded the Secretariat for Nonbelievers, whose task it is to assemble reliable information about the attitudes of atheists in various countries so that the Church can enter into serious argument with them, and he has entrusted the presidency of the Secretariat to a very remarkable man, Cardinal König, Archbishop of Vienna.

It goes without saying that Paul VI cannot approve of atheism, but he



Paul VI on his office: ". . . this delightful yet terrible burden. . . ."

works on the assumption that all error contains a partial truth, which has become separated from total truth. It is possible to discern two positive values in atheism: first, the scientific search for truth and, second, man's love for himself. But the love of mankind, divorced from the love of God, is not total love. The great and novel feature in the teaching of Jesus was not to say that it is necessary to love God and that one must love one's neighbour as oneself, since these commandments were already contained in the Old Testament. What Jesus added was: "These two commandments are one and the same." For centuries the Church has talked a great deal about God, but it has paid insufficient attention to man, and this made it possible for the middle classes in the 19th century to attend Mass while at the same time forgetting about social justice. Atheists have gone to the opposite extreme; they have put all the emphasis on man and rejected God. The true Christian must hold fast to both ends of the chain.

How do you explain the fact that, in spite of this, Paul VI seems to be less popular than John XXIII?

In the first place, he seems more remote from the ordinary man, and he

hasn't a corpulent figure! An Italian woman said of John XXIII: "He was the village priest of the whole world." His kindly, paternal appearance accounted to a large extent for his popularity. To which we can add his fine Encyclical *Pacem in terris* and his moving death, which took place almost in public since its different stages could be followed hour by hour.

And also there was the way in which he started the Vatican Council. People got the impression that Church affairs had become everybody's affairs, whereas, with Paul VI, they are once again the prerogative of churchmen. Would Paul VI have summoned the Council?

No, I don't think so. It required John XXIII's innocent audacity to do that. Paul VI would have foreseen the difficulties involved in organizing effective discussion among 2,000 people assembled in St. Peter's.

Would you say that the work of the Council has been effective?

Yes, of course it has been, and in this respect Paul VI has played a vital role. It was much more difficult to get the aeroplane back to earth undamaged than it was to send it up into the air.

But has it not flown much less far than had been hoped? And is this not why Paul VI has disappointed the progressive wing of the Church? Its members were hoping that he would prove an innovator, and instead he temporized. Whenever he intervened on some major issue—the collegial government of the Church, ecumenism, religious freedom or the proclamation of Mary as "Mother of the Church"—he always took the side of the conservative minority.

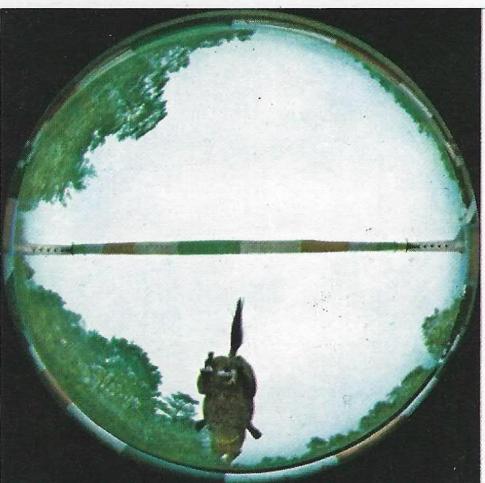
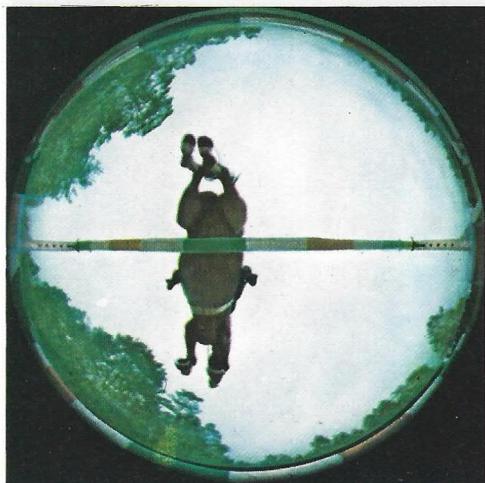
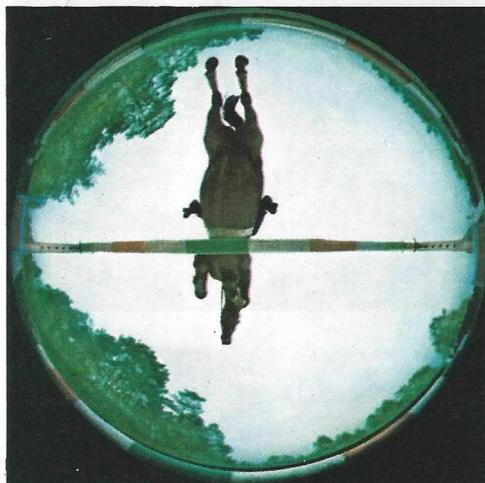
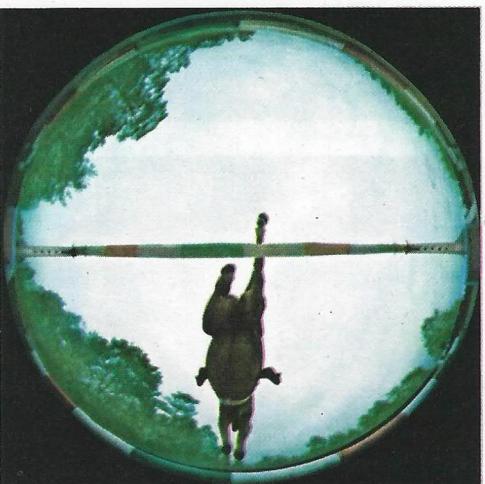
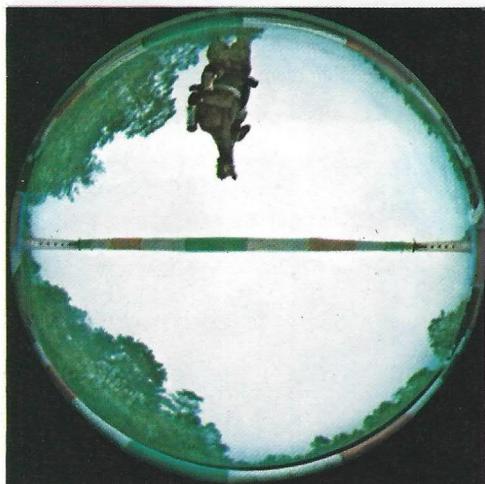
That is an exaggeration. The concessions made by Paul VI did not compromise any issue and allowed him to get the minority to join with the majority at the time of the final vote. The Council was brought to a close without any dramatic upsets, and no bishop walked out in a huff, as happened at the first Vatican Council, when the opinions of the minority were not sufficiently respected. On this occasion, it was reasonable to expect fairly strong opposition on the question of collegial government and religious freedom. Also Paul VI wanted to make sure that ecumenical zeal did not lead to the underestimation of certain fundamental values of the Church—the priesthood, the Eucharist and the primacy of Peter—in an attempt to achieve agreement with the other churches on the lowest common denominator. Paul VI does not want to be the head of a syncretic church of a Rousseauistic type, but the pastor of the Church of Christ. END

a Guy whose job is jumping



Photos by Jean-Philippe Charbonnier

Commandant Guy Lefrant has spent the last thirty years riding away with major prizes in the show ring. He is a forty-four-year-old career officer who has been champion of France several times and holder of two Olympic silver medals, as well as dozens of prizes in as many countries. Here he tells Michel Bagot what it's like to take part in international competitions and underlines the psychological relationship between horse and rider from the moment they enter the ring, salute the judges and then, when the signal is given, run through the set course. Suspense lasts a matter of a minute, but it is intense; then another rider takes his place. No spectacle is more gripping, especially when only a few riders are left in the final jump-off to vie for the first prize. In France show jumping has become an increasingly popular spectator sport and, at the same time, more and more riders are being attracted to the show ground.



"Jumping courses are all very much alike but never identical, and every detail makes a difference—the way the jumps are built, for example. In Holland I know I will always find well-designed obstacles. In Germany they're massive; in Italy they're pretty to look at but full of traps; in Britain they remind me of children's toys—naïve and dainty. I prefer Spain: the jumps are impressively solid, but they are straightforward. In France the jumps on most show grounds are rather grim.

"Another factor is the layout of the course. There is no prescribed distance, and the placing, as well as the types, of obstacles are left to the discretion—and the experience—of the course builder. As a rule, a horse's stride spans about three and a half yards. The distance between the jumps will therefore be a multiple of this length, measured from the spot where the horse lands. If the horse is well schooled and obedient he should be able to regulate his stride in accordance with this distance. But both distance and stride are

The Pegasus that seems to fly over the jump in these photos, neck stretched and tail streaming out behind, is Monsieur de Littry, a horse Commandant Lefrant has been riding since 1963. This series of photos showing the different phases of the jump was taken with a fish-eye lens that covers a 360° angle. The camera was placed on the ground just under the bar, and the shutter was operated by a motor at a speed of three pictures per second. A son of Furioso, France's most famous sire of show jumpers (he also sired Lutteur B and Pomone B, winners, respectively, of the 1964 Olympics and the 1966 World Championship with Pierre Jonquères d'Oriola), Monsieur de Littry is twelve years old. He turns in very even performances, which is a great advantage for team events, as in the Tokyo Olympics, where the French team was second. He will go to Mexico, too, for this year's Games.

HOW TO TAKE A JUMP, IN SLOW MOTION FILM

1. Riding Opel de Beaumanoir, Com-mandant Lefrant prepares his horse for the "takeoff": "Two strides before the jump, I continue the preparation already begun earlier in the approach by squeezing with my legs. While thus increasing the horse's impulsion, I deepen my seat so as to stick to the horse and increase our inertia, which makes a higher jump possible. At the same time, I gradually tighten my grip on the reins. Opel responds by increasing his collection and by slightly dropping his nose. His hind legs move up under his body and he takes much shorter strides than in a normal gallop (shown in photo 9)."



2. "At the next stride, with hind and forelegs folded under him, Opel gathers himself together. His back arches and becomes as taut as a coiled spring. This is essential for, contrary to what many people think, a horse uses his back much more than his legs to jump. In this phase, the centre of gravity has moved forward in comparison to the first photo and, in order to maintain my vertical position in relation to the horse, I push myself forward in the saddle, supporting myself with my thighs and stirrups."



3. "Throwing his shoulders forward, the horse takes off as his back unbends. I now become passive, but the balance of our combined mass must be preserved. By extending my legs I remain above the centre of gravity, and while accompanying the horse's neck as it stretches, I keep the reins taut so that Opel will have a support to lean on as he lands."





4. "The rising movement becomes horizontal. The horse's neck is stretched even further to pull him over the bar. The height of this jump is four feet three, the size of a medium jump in an international show. The rider's hands and legs must not move, and my seat comes back into the saddle, which the horse's rising hind quarters has brought back under me."



5. "Opel de Beaumanoir begins to tip his weight forward to bring his hind quarters over the jump. If, through the rider's fault, he knocks down the bar with his forelegs, it is usually because the rider was off balance over the obstacle. If he hits it with his hind legs it is either because the reins were held too tightly, interfering with his freedom to stretch his neck, or because the rider's weight was misplaced and remained behind the centre of gravity."



6. "On the way down, Opel begins to tuck his hind legs under him. I press myself deep into the saddle, making sure not to let my legs move forward. If they did my feet, on landing, would jam sharply home in the stirrups and throw me backwards. The reins are still taut, but my hands remain supple so as to accompany the movement of the horse's neck."

HOW TO TAKE A JUMP, IN SLOW MOTION FILM

7. "The forelegs touch the ground while the hind quarters and the tail, carried along by the acquired momentum, rise over the jump. The rider absorbs the shock in his lower back and knees, which must remain supple. By sliding forward in the saddle, I stay above the centre of gravity, which has again moved forward."



8. "Opel springs forward again in a gallop, giving himself impulse for the next stride by bringing his hind legs under his body. My hands and legs are still in contact, following the flow of the horse's movements. One should not check the horse after a jump, as some riding instructors tell their pupils. If they feel obliged to give such a command, it is usually because the rider has been 'left behind' over the jump and lands with loose reins and legs."



9. "Happy to have made a clean jump, the horse heads for the next obstacle. If, between the two jumps, a quick change of direction had been necessary, I would have prepared the horse for it by opening my rein on the corresponding side while we were in the air, between photos 6 and 7, so as to gain those few fractions of a second that are decisive in competitions."



modified by the height and breadth of the jumps and by the horse's balance before and after them. These problems must be solved by the horse, but also—and above all—by the rider, whose art consists in bringing his horse up to the obstacle in the best way possible, given his knowledge of the horse's general behaviour patterns.

"Just how much the horse does and how much the rider can make him do is even clearer in the jump-off in a championship event, which the public always finds tremendously impressive. Each finalist must go over the course first with his own horse and then with those of the other three competitors. Now this would seem to present the rider with incredible difficulties. But, in fact, it is a very fair regulation: it's an excellent test of a rider's ability and experience and really much less severe than it would seem.

"For one, all the horses that have successfully reached this stage of the competition are perfectly schooled. Then, too, every self-respecting rider loves his horse and, knowing that he will have to lend him to another, he generally prefers to tell his rivals—both out of good sportsmanship and to save his horse—every little secret of the animal's behaviour and reactions. I say 'every little secret' because those of us who frequent shows end up knowing all the horses in competition, how they behave and how they are ridden, from having seen them so often.

"The logical thing to do is, of course, to copy as exactly as possible the usual rider's methods so as not to surprise the horse. In such events, one has three minutes and two trial jumps to familiarize oneself with each new horse. This is enough for a good rider. And, paradoxically, it happens that a horse does better with his new rider: a bit surprised, but not confused, it momentarily obeys the new rider better than its usual master.

One essential factor: self-control

"In itself, the technique of jumping can be easily summarized. As the photos and captions on these pages show, the horse must become as taut as a coiled spring just before the obstacle, then maintain perfect balance over the jump, all his movements being supple and flowing, without brusque jerks. Now this can be obtained only if one is in complete control of the horse and, even more important, of oneself. Panic is fatal, for the horse, like a medium, senses and reflects all your reactions, even those that are subconscious. Often, when a rider is

reconnoitering the course on foot before the start of an event, he will stop in front of a particular jump and say to himself: 'My horse doesn't like this type of jump.' In fact, it is the rider who doesn't like it. And later, when he does his round, you can be sure he will provoke a fault on the part of his horse at that precise spot. The latter undoubtedly senses his rider's apprehension, either through increased pressure of the legs or a tighter grip on the reins.

"With a horse it should be love at first sight"

"A current of confidence between man and animal is essential for their success as a team. A friend came to visit me one day and said he would like to learn to ride. At the time, I happened to have a mare that was gentle as a lamb, obedient and supple—perfect for a beginner. I offered her to my friend and he accepted. But no sooner was he on her back than she threw him. He tried again, but with the same result. At first, I couldn't imagine why, but then I understood: my friend was afraid, and the mare realized it long before I did.

"Confidence can't exist unless the rider has a genuine liking for his horse, and this is of the utmost importance when choosing a mount. An instinctive attraction—based on the horse's looks, head, the expression in his eyes—should be felt, a bit like love at first sight. Usually, a horseman will choose a mount whose character corresponds to his own. If he has a lively disposition and tends to make quick decisions a high-spirited horse will suit him best. If he is reserved, serious and likes to ponder his reactions, he will prefer a quiet, phlegmatic animal. But a rider's tastes can change. Up to now I always had a preference for calm horses, but for some time I have been schooling a high-strung mare, Nevada, and have grown to enjoy it, for she is coming along very well.

"The period of schooling is a time of mutual adaptation. As in a marriage, each partner reacts on the other and certain habits 'rub off.' In this case, it is, of course, the horse that gives in the most, since that is the goal of the schooling. Nevertheless, the rider must adjust to his horse so as to achieve his goals with a maximum of gentleness. The emotional side of the partnership, if one can call it that, is extremely important to both.

"Still, the basic problem is to find a good horse with a number of specific qualities: power, speed, suppleness and good blood—in other words, adequate moral resources. If a horse can't jump

more than five feet he will obviously have no place in an international competition where he will have to clear over six feet. So much for the question of power. Speed and agility must also be taken into account, since the outcome of many events, especially in their final stage, is decided by the stopwatch. With some horses it is possible to gain precious seconds because they can jump in acrobatic positions and make short turns on landing so as to head more quickly towards the next jump. Finally, there are the moral qualities. One sometimes sees very powerful horses paralyzed by timidity. They will clear jumps of four feet ten with ease, but as soon as the bar goes up or an oxer becomes very broad, they are gripped by a fear that even intensive training cannot overcome. One of my horses was like this: though he jumped six feet two with the greatest of ease and described wide arcs over difficult oxers, he never succeeded in clearing six feet six.

Official backing unites talent and quality

"As in other sports, the chances of finding top-notch material—both horses and riders—grow in direct proportion to the means at one's disposal. A great show horse costs a lot of money. Above 50,000 francs" (\$10,000) "the price is no longer a question of quality but a matter of personal evaluation. That is why it's so hard for a young, gifted horseman to acquire remounts. Riding clubs usually have horses of only modest quality, and there are not many breeders. This is where official organizations, such as the French Federation for Equestrian Sports and the German Olympic Committee, come in: they purchase first-rate horses which they then put at the disposal of their best riders.

"In Britain conditions are almost ideal, thanks to the very efficient system of pony clubs, which train beginners. A little later, these ponies can enter a number of small shows endowed with substantial cash prizes, and these enable people with modest means to have private stables. Britain is also the only country in the world that can simultaneously send abroad four or five different national teams, each equally capable of winning an international event. After the British, I would mention the Brazilian team, with Nelson Pessoa, and then, on about the same level, the Italians, French and Germans. The Americans are also very strong, both as a team and in individual competition. But don't take that as a forecast for the Olympics!"

END

The kinetic art show at the Musée d'Art Moderne has given Parisians the closest thing to a psychedelic experience one can have without taking a trip . . . to jail. *** By Jean Clay.

light space dynamics LSD

An exhibition is usually a fairly cut-and-dried affair: people wander round with studied composure, occasionally leaning forward to examine the texture of a painting. Not so the exposition entitled "Light and Movement" which has been on view recently at the Musée d'Art Moderne in Paris. It's the gallery-goer's field day, with full permission granted to jump the guard rails, touch, manipulate and press buttons. Audience participation, in fact, is the guiding principle of the exhibition: the spectator, bored with the passive role that has so long been his lot, is finally beginning to get in on the act.

Certainly he is encouraged in his emancipation by most of the kinetic artists represented in the show; this is what their experiments are all about. Their art is an extroversion, where the artist no longer offers a self-contained form or surface, a closed system governed by internal relationships (a particular red relating to a particular blue, or one mass to another mass): what the kineticists stress are the elements and accidents of real life. To them, a work of art is never finished; it is always in the process of becoming. It exists only as a physical event taking place before your eyes—the switching-on of an electric current, a magnetic field, a ray of light. Or it may be modified

by a physical or vocal act on the part of the spectator, who thus contributes his own energy, his discernment, sometimes even his own conception of what the work should be like. He plays it like a musical instrument, transforming what was once a monologue by the artist into a dialogue between two creative imaginations.

This no doubt explains the public's delight in such exhibitions. Living lives of perpetual frustration, we at last find ourselves free to act and indulge our latent desire for self-expression. We have been accepted into a world where, only yesterday, we felt constrained to keep our voices to a whisper.

From pressing buttons to feeding in red rubber balls, the spectator participates

Participation takes place on many levels. The *Groupe de recherche d'art visuel* has designed a complex labyrinth whose aim is to make us aware of our instinctive, everyday movements of walking, running, jumping and so forth, in short, to sharpen our knowledge of our own physical mechanism.

Le Parc, for instance, invites us to press a button which unleashes a veritable tumult of gesticulating elements. The idea here is to involve us

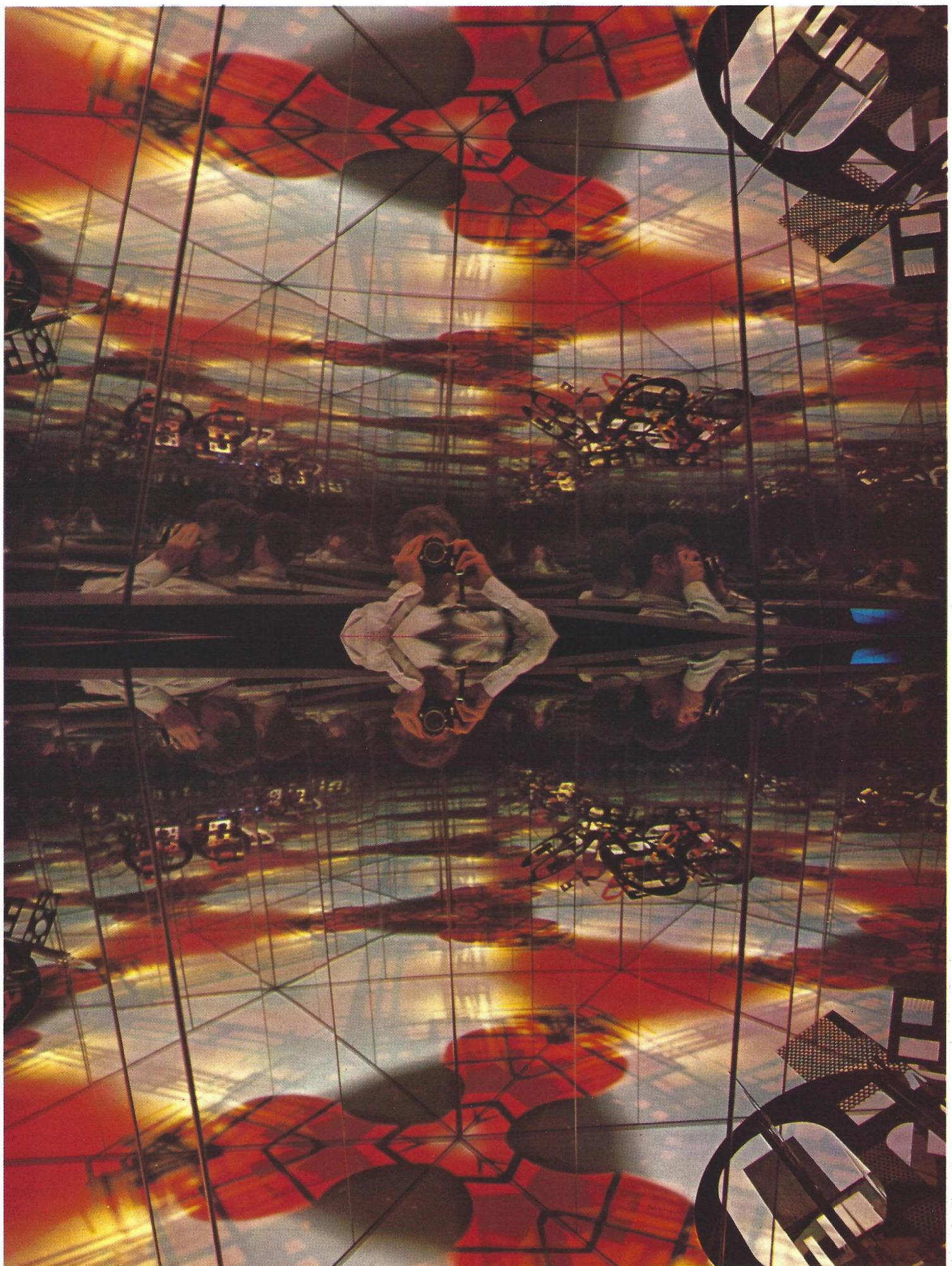
through exaggeration—the sheer disproportion between cause and effect.

Others, such as Soto, Agam and Cruz-Diez, have designed works which move only when the spectator moves: frozen and inert when he is still, they undergo infinite metamorphoses as soon as he changes his position. Examples of this approach are Soto's giant structures made of fine strips of metal suspended from the ceiling—like a fine rain solidified—through which the spectator wanders. Soto wants us to feel the concept of plenitude. It is his way of illustrating the space-time continuum, the cosmic magma in which man has been plunged by modern science.

Elsewhere in the exhibition, the spectator is presented with playmates. In the case of Tinguely's "Rotozaza," the machine goes into action when you feed it big red rubber balls: it digests them, then regurgitates them. On the same theme, Stein's "abacus" is a series of wooden planks with holes into which wooden spheres disappear according to the incline of the boards. And again, Le Parc has devised a chair and shoes on springs that induce unorthodox methods of sitting and walking.

In the business since 1953, Agam perhaps makes the greatest demands on the spectator. From his transposable paintings, in which the spectator moves

Seemingly swimming in a monster kaleidoscope, the photographer freezes on film the light and movement of Nicolas Schöffer's "prism," opposite, made up of a set of mirrors at fixed angles to each other and given perpetual motion by a sculpture Schöffer calls "Lux 2."



Photos by Pierre Comte

Conjuror of colour "moods" (below: "Light Breaker," 1963), Bernard Lassus firmly believes in the necessary functionalism of other art forms when they are married to architecture. He attempts to give life and movement to the often uninteresting surfaces of working and living areas by introducing a play of fictional perspectives, and has already scored successes with workers in France's coal industry.



the elements at will, to his recent work *Space Rhythmed by Light*, in which light waves are modified by the intensity of the human voice, it is always the spectator who is asked to make the aesthetic choice. He is given freedom to express his own point of view and to compose his own visual score.

To all these artists, the principle of audience participation also serves to underline the idea of instability which is one of the keystones of kineticism. By the very fact that he is party to the creative process, the spectator physically experiences the changing nature of each work. And he is thereby better able to understand the artist's rejection of static works, finished once and for all, as is the case with traditional painting and sculpture.

At the same time the artists showing at the "Light and Movement" exhibition want the public to grow accustomed to the new materials they use, which are for the most part the products of modern technology. On the one hand, they argue, the artist should express himself with the materials of his own time. And on the other, the fact that the modern artist has abandoned oil painting (which after all dates back to the 15th century) is not a capricious act but a necessity dictated by the times.

This explains their love affair with

the medium of electricity. To be sure, originality does not flow automatically from the use of new techniques. Light bulbs and neon tubes have been around for years. If artists (with few exceptions) are only just beginning to use them today, it is because electricity is particularly expressive of the spirit of the age. For twenty years, an entire contemporary movement—from op art to kinetic art—has assigned itself the task of denying the stability of physical matter and affirming reality's permanent state of flux. This generation of artists is determined to give proper value to the propositions of modern physics: the theory of relativity, the space-time continuum and the physical character of energy as expressed in wave lengths and minute particles of matter.

The ultimate work from Agam: an elusive light wave that disappears into space

Because it is non-material and unfelt and lends itself to diffusion and refraction, light is the most highly favoured medium—but it is not the only one. Takis bases his work on magnetic tension, Klein on gas combustion, Schöffer, Agam and Takis on sound waves, Soto on the bombardment of the retina and Le Parc on visual instability.

Fireworks at the flip of a switch are the speciality of Julio Le Parc (opposite, above), who won the Grand Prix at the Venice Biennale in 1966. But the initiative has to come from the spectator—he is the one who brings the "sculpture" to life, throwing light on wide bands of white fabric that are set fluttering frenetically on the walls.

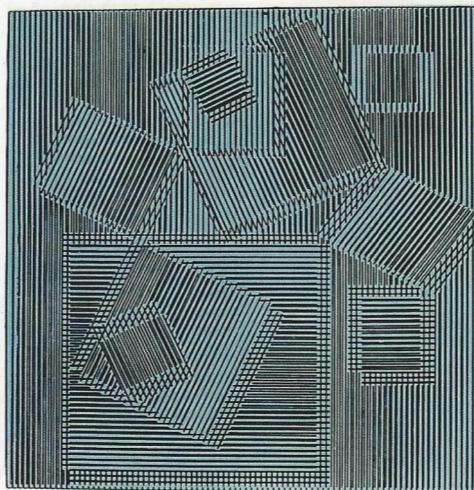
Agam's *Space Rhythmed by Light*, mentioned above, a single electric filament giving off light waves, approaches the ultimate as a kinetic work of art. Completely immaterial, without any tangible form of support, it is simply an elusive wave that disappears into space without leaving a trace.

If light is so often a part of the new art, it is because it is one of the great natural forces, and contemporary artists want to give it a place in their work on a scale commensurate with its vast function in the universe. What fascinates these artists are the sources of energy in the earth's atmosphere in their raw state; for them, a work of art is a natural phenomenon, a phenomenon made of and by nature. Some years ago Vantongerloo channeled the sun's rays in his prisms, and Gabo incorporated water into his plexiglass sculptures. Today Haacke is making transparent tubes whose surfaces become covered with droplets condensed under light

Fireworks flashing out of "black light" (opposite, below) are here set off by the Argentinian artist Hugo Demarco, who works on the principle of retinal persistence—the eye is so bombarded that it retains only impressions of shapes in a state of coloured instability.



Meshing movement in an infinity of combinations characterizes this work by Vasarely, whom Réalités baptized the "pop of op," the man who pioneered two-dimensional sculptural painting based on the principle of retinal stimulation. Now, however, he uses light (below, on striped fibreglass sheets that slide over one another, constantly changing the surface) and motors to bring the works to life.



and heat. Kowalski constructs his manipulative sculptures out of transparent globes containing rare gases that change colour as they move nearer and farther from an electric heater. As early as 1956, Schöffer had made *Cysp 1*, a chunk of metal encrusted with photoelectric cells and microphones which moved in unexpected ways when light and sound impinged on it. In the US right now, Seawright is following the same procedure in creating an electronic construction that reacts to its own sounds and movements.

More and more, today's artists are tending to make elaborately designed complexes which *surround* the spectator. His relationship to art is no longer partial (that is, visual) but total (with both mind and body completely involved). In the "Light and Movement" exhibition held in Eindhoven (Holland) in 1966, the Zero Group (Macke, Uecker and Piene) made use of a vast hall to create the illusion of a cosmic dream and, at the same time, a poetic description of a city's atmosphere by means of rhythmic shifts from light to dark. Hidden lights spun round above the spectators' heads, flicking on and off so that they were never able to take in all that was happening in the hall. Here, the emphasis was on the increasingly elusive multiplicity of the

visual "happenings" that assail modern man. The current Paris exhibition repeats this theme of multiple visual demands in the two large panels of neon lights installed by Morellet in the hall given over to the *Groupe de recherche d'art visuel*. A merciless retinal bombardment of violent flashes is designed to shock and unnerve anyone who ventures near it.

A new art form that is based on the latest scientific experiments

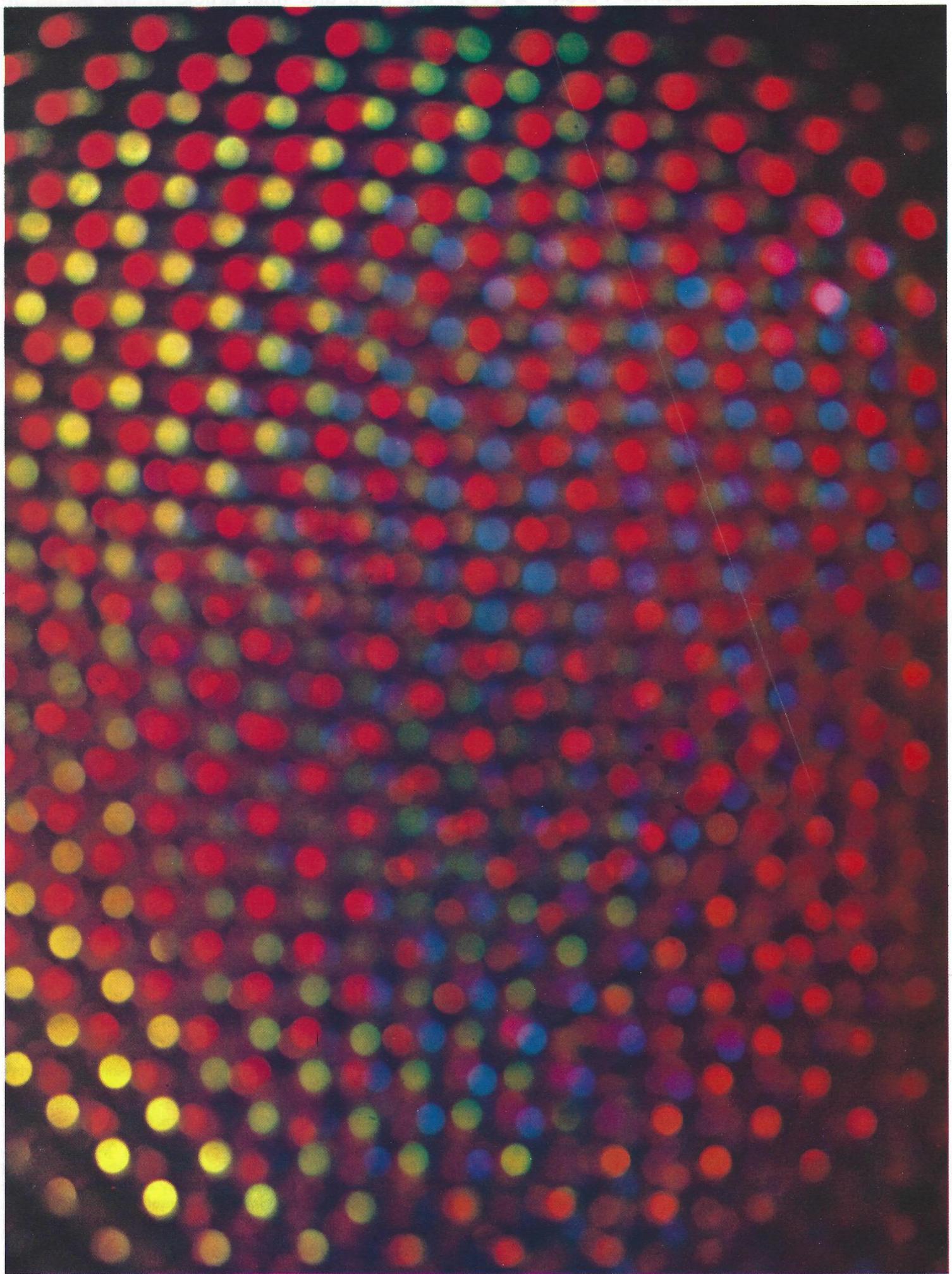
While kinetic art is above all exploiting areas of consciousness where traditional painting and sculpture cannot follow, it is at the same time tending to move closer to other art forms. A year ago in New York audiences of 1,500 crowded in on nine consecutive nights to see a series of "happenings" created by a group of artists which included Rauschenberg and Falstrohm in conjunction with engineers of the Bell Telephone Company. Employing some of the most startling developments in electronics, the demonstration was part technology, part art—halfway between choreography and the plastic arts. The sound of a heartbeat filled the entire auditorium, the smack of a ball on a tennis racket turned the lights

on and off. The "happening" cost \$125,000, but it enabled a large number of people to see and judge a new art form based on the latest scientific experiments carried out in the most advanced laboratories. Thanks to the extraordinary mobility of light, radio and sound waves, an artist like Agam can make a light flash by remote control 1,000 miles away. Thanks to television relays, the Hungarian Schöffer and the Argentinian Durante will be able to duplicate their experimental works by the hundred million on cathode ray tubes. It is technically possible for a sequence of images improvised on the television console to appear simultaneously in every corner of the globe at the very instant they are created.

A new aesthetic is in the process of being born. The experimenters at the "Light and Movement" show think in terms of an interplanetary art form, an art form for the year 2000, based on a new relationship to the material universe. As man learns to listen to the stars and plans to plant transmitters on Mars and Venus, art must inevitably undergo radical mutations. Our ideas of time and space are changing. Art must reflect these changes. And in reflecting them, it will help to speed the process of change.

JEAN CLAY

Spectrum of psychedelic spots fills the "luminous box" (opposite) by Argentinian artist Horacio Garcia Rossi, another sculptor to exploit the theory of permanent instability. Rays of light are reflected by mirrors mounted on springs; movable slats change the pattern.



Réalités Forum ** For the third and final article in this series on Britain's application to join the Common Market Réalités reporter Danielle Hunebelle went into the streets to find out first-hand just what the British public really feels about joining the Europe of the Six.

THE POUND AND THE PLOUGHSHARE

• CONCLUSION •

When the British declined to join the Common Market at Messina and Rome it was not because they were anti-European, nor does the fact that the House of Commons voted for Britain to apply for membership with a surprising majority mean that they have all become enthusiastic and convinced Europeans. Three traditional relationships—with the Commonwealth, the United States and Europe—continue to divide the Englishman's loyalty. Emotionally, his closest links are with the Commonwealth. For defence, he looks to America. Economically and politically, the British have now chosen Europe, but not Europe at any price by any means.

In spite of a slight bitterness at the frustrations he has had to put up with since the war, the average Englishman can hardly be said to suffer from an inferiority complex. The Frenchman who lands in London with the patronizing idea that Britain is not "ready" to join the Common Market is in for some surprises: on all sides he hears quite uninhibited praises being sung of British agriculture ("the most advanced in Europe"), British industry (of the 100 largest companies in Europe, fifty-four are British), British commercial infrastructure (30 per cent of all world trade is based on sterling), British financiers (the City is the most important banking centre in Europe), and

English, the universal language. . . . Before long, the Frenchman will be persuaded that it is really Europe that is not ready to assimilate its mighty neighbour.

Opinion in Britain on the Common Market is sharply divided. Last summer, polls indicated that 40 per cent of the population was favourably inclined and 39 per cent hostile, while a year earlier the pro-Market proportion

had touched 71 per cent. Since General de Gaulle's press conference of last May, felt by British opinion to have amounted to a thinly disguised *Non*, Mr. Wilson's efforts have been too beset by uncertainties to be viewed with equanimity by the pragmatic British, particularly since their new-found faith in the European idea has hardly had time to take root. In general, it seems that the men are more Europe-minded than the women, the young more than the old, the rich more than the poor, Labour voters more than Conservative voters (45 per cent against 32 per cent). *Who's Who* is solidly pro-Market. Industry, finance and banking are (or were, up to now) 90 per cent pro-Market. The better-off and more efficient of the farming community are pro-Market.

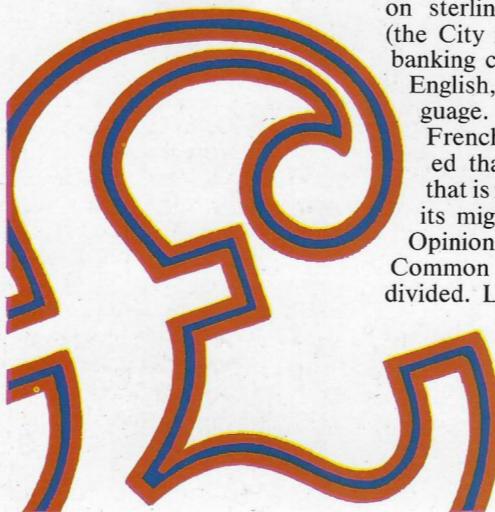
The most *anti* class are the working-class Conservatives—underprivileged, non-trade-union, full of Empire nostalgia, readers to a man of the Beaverbrook press: 82 per cent of them reject the Common Market. Among the politicians, virtually all are Marketeers, except for the left wing of the Labour Party (led by young internationalists who are afraid that joining Europe will cut them off from the communist countries, and the Party old guard—Attlee, Shinwell and company, who would rather have nothing to do with foreigners), and the Tory right wing, led by a few anti-Gaullist and anti-German veterans.

After this brief statistical survey, let us examine the state of mind in which the British are approaching Europe. The average Englishman does not speak any European language, has visited Europe once on his honeymoon, has a brother, uncle or cousin in Canada, Australia or New Zealand, eats cheaply thanks to Commonwealth imports, and probably reads the *Daily Express*, which never tires of repeating to him that if Britain joins the Common Mar-

ket, he will no longer be able to buy butter at 2s 10 (\$.38) a pound but will have to pay the full European price—at least double. I spoke to many middle-class Englishmen—civil servants, shopkeepers, bank clerks and so on. To my astonishment, their reaction was the same every time: "Join the Common Market? Certainly, providing we don't abandon the Commonwealth." Implicit in this attitude is family feeling, sentiment and gratitude for the loyalty of the dominions during the war, quite apart from their wish to keep up the standard of living afforded by protected imports from overseas markets.

There is, in fact, no doubt that the average Briton ranks the Commonwealth well above Europe in his order of preferences, but he still places Europe well before America. An opinion poll in November, 1966, on the question: "Should we join the United States or Europe?" found 56 per cent in favour of the Common Market and only 24 per cent in favour of America. Pro-US opinion in Britain is found among certain sections of the working class who aspire to an American standard of living, and in certain banking circles in the City which are intercontinental by taste and vocation.

The powerful Common Market team is made up of the Young Turks of the Conservative Party such as Christopher Soames and David Howell, some of the most influential industrialists—such as Paul Chambers, the chairman of Imperial Chemicals (ICI), or Ferranti, the computer magnate—a number of major financiers and the leading socialist businessmen. One thing they have in common is that they all speak French. This fraction of the enlightened British elite would be ready to see Britain become uncompromisingly European, adopt a common European currency, a common defence and common policies. While not necessarily anti-American, they



believe if the country were linked to the USA, the British would never again have a chance to take the lead. They would be well off, no doubt, but it would be the end of British autonomy, and the country's fate would be entirely subordinated to that of the mighty US.

As part of Europe, on the other hand, Britain would have partners of her own size and would still retain the potential of influencing world politics. This would not entail abandoning all links with the United States (a course which not even the most radical voices have proposed), but it would enable Britain to be more than just a satellite and to work with Europe towards the creation of a valid independent force, comparable perhaps to the position of Byzantium in relation to the might of Rome.

Getting the people to swallow various bitter pills

Equally European in attitude, but with less unmixed motives, are the politicians, managers and financiers who are conscious of the urgent need for reforming the taxation, monetary and trade union systems and who see the European challenge as the only means of getting the population as a whole to swallow these various bitter pills. In a country pampered by the welfare state, how can you make people work? What incentives can you give them to earn more and become competitive? These Marketeers see association with Europe, with all the fundamental transformations it will bring, as a panacea which will enable them to take all kinds of unpopular measures.

No single group, in fact, is so unanimously pro-Europe and so convinced of playing the right card as British management. The remarkable thing is that even the small protected industries, which have nothing to gain from the extra competition Europe will bring, are loud in calling for entry into the Common Market.

Their directors have seen the progressive loosening of commercial ties with the Commonwealth. They are frightened by American power, and feel that a closer alliance with the United States would gradually eliminate them altogether from serious big business.

The European market with its 200,000,000 customers will provide the necessary outlets, abolish customs duties, give productivity the necessary fillip, and enable key industries like the computer industry, electronics, aviation, photography, chemicals, to develop their research and reduce their costs.

"At present we can't outbid the US aviation firms. They have keen competition, which means that they produce better planes at lower prices," I was told by one British industrialist. "Mergers are necessary in the Common Market, and we would hope to be in on them."

British businessmen, at any rate the most progressive ones, are not afraid of European competition and are confident that they will come out on top. To go it alone would mean gradual suffocation; to join the United States would mean elimination. If British technological superiority is to be maintained, they say, Europe is the only possible answer.

For several months, if not years, this opinion was shared by 90 per cent of the City financiers—in spite of the fact that since the war, on account of the balance of payments deficit and the worldwide role of sterling, the City has sacrificed expansion—in other words, industry—to help save the pound. One might have thought that the financiers, sharing with America their language and their working habits, would have jibbed at Europe, which, after all, also threatens the traditional role of sterling. But the City is international by nature and instinct. Nearly all the big merchant bankers—Lazard, Baring, Warburg, Hambro, Rothschild, and so on—originally came from the Continent and still have branches there.

"In the motor industry, for instance," one banker told me, "we have three or four major firms in Britain, and the period of financing is over. Now our entry into the Common Market would cause mergers and financing arrangements on a far larger scale. We are liberals, we prefer a minimum of government intervention, and we would like to see the decontrolling of exchange rates. We hope to create an inter-European market and so compete directly with the American banks in Europe. And then, of course, joining Europe is one way of putting a stop to Mr. Wilson's socialism."

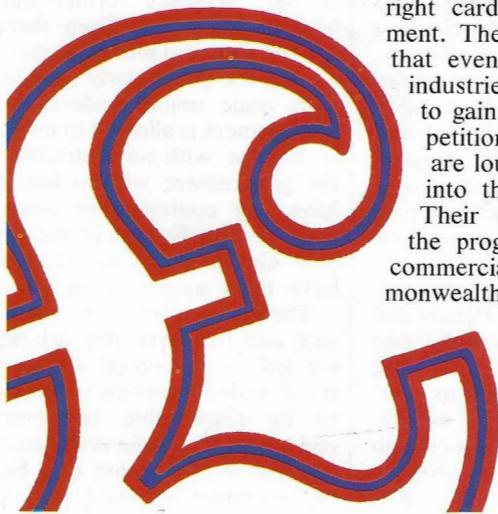
But still, if you ask financiers point-blank whether they would be prepared to accept a common European currency and abandon

the world role of sterling, they react rather differently: "If you want a common currency," bankers and economists will tell you, "you've got to create a common budget and a common monetary and fiscal policy, and you've got to centralize the control of banking: in other words, make tremendous sacrifices in your sovereignty. Is this what General de Gaulle really wants? If France were to propose a European currency, we would not object, but France has not done so: French objections are not usually followed by constructive propositions.

"Sound currency, but who wants francs?"

"The fact is that it is extremely difficult to create a new currency just like that. For a start, you'd have to change the national characters of the French and Germans and get them to spend their money instead of lining their mattresses with it, you'd have to create a market that doesn't exist in Europe. And then your European currency would be all very well for transactions within the EEC, but do you think the oil sheiks or the Australians would relish taking payment in it? The franc is a perfectly sound currency today, but who wants francs? During the Middle Eastern conflict last year the Arabs withdrew £50,000,000 from the Bank of England and placed them in Switzerland. Did the Swiss change them into francs? Not at all. They sent them back to London within forty-eight hours. There is no market in Europe for huge sums like that. When a firm like ICI lends us £90,000,000 for three days, then withdraws the loan, then replaces it for another ten days, we cooperate; but would the Bank of France undertake operations like that?

"You Europeans just have no idea of how to make money work. As far as banking is concerned, you are living in the 19th century. No financier on the Continent really knows what competition is. What about New York, you ask? Well, banking operations in London are extremely cheap (three times cheaper than Paris), on account of the competition, and much more discreet than in New York. And all this is thanks to the bold policy of the Bank of England which has always declined to direct the banks and uses the commercial spirit to fight



bureaucracy, the spirit of Adam Smith against the spirit of Louis XV's Colbert."

The Chairman of one of London's three biggest merchant banks even added: "In Paris you have couturiers. In London we have the City."

"A lot depends on the war in Vietnam"

Certainly, no British financier would be happy to see the international role of sterling abandoned. But it is realized in London that a number of modifications could be introduced to make the pound less vulnerable to the activities of speculators and to the objections of foreign critics, such as General de Gaulle. In fact the Bank of England is considering reducing the sterling balances, though ten years ago it would have regarded as sacrilegious the idea that their backing could be even questioned. But the only other currency the creditors would accept to be repaid in is dollars. What advantage would it be to the Europeans to see the dollar strengthened as an international currency? the British financiers say to themselves.

On the other hand, to improve the balance of payments overseas government expenditure could be cut by evacuating British bases east of Suez (73 per cent of the British public and 86 per cent of economic experts are in favour of such a course). And, in fact, the decision to do so has already been taken, but it will take some time to put into effect.

Yet another solution would be to reform the international monetary system, a thorny problem which is perpetually being shelved. Some English experts told me: "We'll have to wait for the end of the war in Vietnam to see the whole setup in perspective. The crux of the problem is political. Who can say what the Americans will do when this war is over? Perhaps they will no longer think it so important to support the pound. Either Britain becomes an American colony, or the United States cuts off from it altogether. Why should the Americans continue to support a country which they don't control, after all?"

Defence problems appear to be equally difficult of solution. Asked in November 1966: "If

we join the Common Market, would you agree to the sharing of our nuclear potential with France?", 51 per cent of a cross section of the British public replied No, only 30 per cent Yes. An American nuclear umbrella seems indispensable to the average Englishman: he has no faith in the French *force de frappe*. There would be no objection to collaboration in certain fields—nuclear submarines, for instance, or "joint targeting" (the joint definition of enemy objectives to be destroyed in case of war, the targets being then shared out among the allied powers). But the British see their fate in this respect closely linked with that of the United States.

"And what about France?" asked a top official of the Foreign Office when I put this to him. "We in Britain are perfectly able to manufacture and deliver nuclear weapons entirely on our own, but how would you in France be able to build rockets without American aid, how would you refuel your nuclear bombers in flight? You ask whether the British want a European nuclear force. Does De Gaulle want one? Not at all—he wants his French *force de frappe*, not an international European force."

The truth is that the British are too pragmatic in outlook to discuss problems like this before they are sure of being admitted to the Common Market. It's too soon, they say. But they add: "Put the question another way. Ask us: if you join the EEC, and if the tendency then is towards a European currency, a political community, and a common defence force, will you be in favour? Then we can give you an unhesitating Yes."

One thing that surprises the Frenchman in England is the extent to which the British people still resent the Germans and are haunted by the threat of the reunification of Germany. They tend to look on Franco-German relations as a sort of adultery, or even treason. Even today German diplomats in London find it hard to get invited into high society. Many English people are in favour of joining Europe so that Britain can provide a counterbalance to German supremacy, which they see as inevitable in the long run.

"I've got to know Poland and Czechoslovakia very well," one businessman said to me, "and, believe me, they're just as scared of the Germans as we are. France by herself is not enough to give the Eastern European countries confidence. But

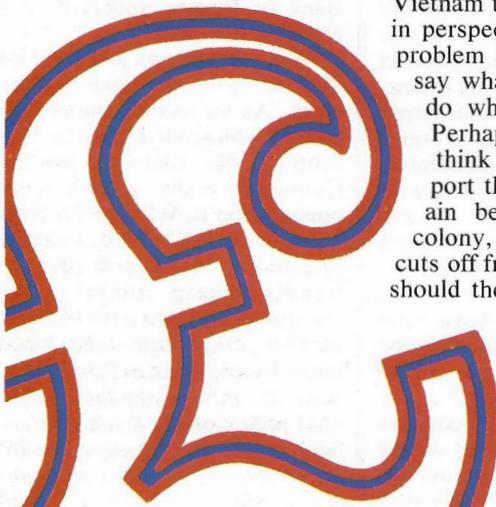
France, Britain and Italy together would be a reassuring proof of European stability."

Basically, what bothers the British most about the Common Market is being made to wait outside—the uncertainty generates an unpleasant atmosphere. As a Conservative M.P. put it: "We're going to need a lot of patience to see it out. General de Gaulle knows that; that's why he's trying to get us discouraged. Then he'll be able to say: 'There you are, the British didn't really want to join.'" It's true that some people are beginning to lose heart, humiliated and frustrated by the endless qualifications made for entry. Businessmen, particularly, need a quick answer, and a banker told me: "We must know the answer because of long-term investments. Any change of rhythm is very expensive for investors: should one reinforce the British base company, or create foreign branches? We can't keep the options open indefinitely."

"The Europe of the Six is a closed shop"

Some industrialists, like Sir Paul Chambers, some financiers, like Lord Gladwyn (Warburg Bank), would prefer associate membership to uncertainty ("with the guarantee that we would be full members after five years"). Others have been seduced by the anti-Common Market sirens; their arguments are first technical: "If we join the cost of living will rise by at least 4 per cent, the financial regulations concerning agriculture will affect the balance of payments to the tune of £200,000,000 a year, the free capital market will endanger our currency." It was objections of this nature that led several of Mr. Wilson's former colleagues to resign. Then there are the doctrinal and ideological arguments, particularly popular with trade union leaders: "If management is allowed to invest in Europe with no restrictions the government will no longer have any control over industry. . . . The Europe of the Six is a closed shop; we want to have links with all countries."

The members of the Commission and the Assembly are not elected by universal suffrage, the British like people in charge to be responsible to someone. . . . De Gaulle is demanding that Britain come into Europe completely naked, without



her H-bomb and without her currency. Now is that fair?"

Many people in Britain are suspicious of the Continent. "Europe has shown time and again over the last fifty years that she is incapable of behaving properly," they say. "Europe will never be united." Then, finally, there are a few people, among them some of the most dynamic and original people in Britain, who use arguments based on a visionary sense of the future.

*"The idea
of a third force
is rubbish!"*

One of them is Sir George Bolton, Chairman of the Bank of London and South America. A self-educated and intelligent man, who has spent half his life in Paris and other European capitals working on monetary exchanges and who is still an administrator of the Bank of England, Bolton sums up his argument like this: "The marriage of the donkey and the mare can only result in a mule." And he elaborates it along the following lines: "We have been neither invaded nor occupied for several centuries. Our political stability is in a different class from that of the Continent, where there are at present three reigning dictators, all of whom are likely to be succeeded by anarchy. Britain is fundamentally anti-German. I refuse to see my children submitted to German revenge, which is bound to come sooner or later. The idea of a third force is rubbish. And then, the boom in Europe is over; the major expansion is complete. As a region, it's almost fully exploited, it's stabilized, it's old. In ten years' time we'll laugh at the Common Market, it'll seem such an insignificant thing. Expansion in the modern world means Australia, Brazil, Canada. Since I'm fond of the Europeans, what I would like to be able to do is to *take Europe out of Europe*. Britain will never be part of Europe."

What is the alternative? For Bolton, the answer is not in doubt. Britain must be closely associated with the United States and Canada, in a North Atlantic Free Trade Association (NAFTA) open to Australia, New Zealand, Japan and the EFTA countries. An association of

this kind would have such a tremendous power of attraction that sooner or later the EEC would be forced to join it. As one expert put it: "If we line up with the United States we shall perhaps be a colony, but a very rich colony, colony Number One, whereas Europe, when it is finally compelled to join us will be colony Number Four or Number Nine. There can be no Europe without Britain. It's up to you now to choose whether you want to be Europeans or Americans"

But most British industrialists have their doubts about the viability of NAFTA. "Exports don't mean much to the Americans, and they're not keen on importing much either. But NAFTA would make the United States an open market. It's not really credible," they say.

There remains the possibility of Britain living in splendid isolation in a world polarized by the USA, the USSR, China and Europe. "We already have plenty of branches on the Continent, whether we join or not," an economist pointed out to me. "If we had special arrangements with the Common Market—free trade, free movement of capital—we could limit our expansion, do plenty of business, maintain the City's financial services, have our welfare state, sell Rolls-Royces in America and India; and our standard of living would certainly be higher in the next ten years than if we joined the Common Market." This is the "easy way out" as seen by certain progressive socialists, who would like to see Britain as another Sweden.

But to become another Sweden is to give in, and giving in does not come easily to the British, even in their present state of fatigue. It would mean renouncing for ever any pretensions to being a great power; it would mean scuttling the major industries—electronics, nuclear power, chemicals; it would mean cutting off British engineers, scientists and technologists from many major discoveries. This is why most thinking people in Britain prefer to continue to believe that sooner or later the country will enter Europe. But can the country wait that long?

At present there are some 600,000 out of work, and the level of productivity is one of the lowest in Europe. If the government takes the brake off the economy the balance of payments, which at present is slightly favourable, will be in the red again within a year. But, in fact, there has got to be a

rapid surplus to enable the IMF loans to be repaid. The unofficial attitude of the Bank of England is the following: if Britain can maintain the rate of expansion between 3 and 3 1/2 per cent without trying to push it up to 4 1/2 or 5 per cent, if restrictive union practices can be done away with, if the income policy is reformed, and of course providing the cutback in military spending continues and government spending is reduced, it will be possible to avoid another balance of payments crisis. Technically, it is possible. "But," a top official told me, "we live in a democracy—special powers are unthinkable."

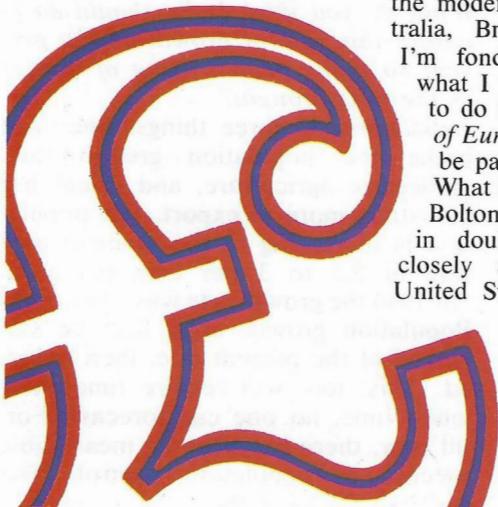
What will Wilson do? He knows that by playing the Common Market trump he has cut the ground from under the feet of the Opposition. He stands every chance of being re-elected in 1971 or earlier—some people are even thinking resignedly of a Wilson one-party system—and it appears that Labour has learnt its economic lessons. On the whole, the British are not too pessimistic. "The arguments put up against British entry are not really serious," they say.

*"De Gaulle's argument
is a smoke screen"*

"If the Six were seriously engaged in forming a political unity on a federal basis, De Gaulle would be right to say that the British are not ready. But of course they are doing no such thing, nor would De Gaulle want them to. His argument is a smoke screen, laid down just to keep us at bay for another five years. All his reasons are nothing more than pretexts—the one about the role of sterling included. De Gaulle doesn't want us to be able to challenge his own hegemony; and he is more afraid of Mr. Wily Wilson than he was of Heath, whom he could have got on with at a pinch, I think."

Will the British join Europe in five years? Or are they quietly thinking what the political sociologist John Pinder has said out loud: "It took us fourteen years, from 1947 to 1961, to progress from the situation of having an Empire to the idea of the Common Market. At least give us the time to change our minds once more. If De Gaulle remains obstinate, if his successors should refuse us, too, by 1980 we shall have organized our lives in some other way."

END



Though the prosperous nations have been implicated in the problem of the third world for a number of years,

India's plight has scarcely been alleviated. John H. Adler, Senior Adviser of the World Bank, discusses what can still be achieved.

India's agony must be ended

After twenty years of independence, fifteen years of economic planning and billions of dollars in foreign aid, India is still an underdeveloped country on the brink of famine. Some have called it a desperate case. Do you share this opinion?

In India and tropical Africa progress has been less marked than elsewhere because these countries started off at a much lower level than the Latin American or Mediterranean countries. It must not be forgotten, either, in the case of India, that the very size of the country and its vast population create problems of an altogether different scale from those in other developing countries: the only other country at all comparable is China.

A few figures will make this clearer: India now has a population of nearly 500,000,000, and this total is growing by some 10,000,000 every year. There are 500,000 villages. This means that if the same methods of agricultural modernization are to be employed here as in other underdeveloped countries, 500,000 rural leaders have got to be trained. This gives some idea of the scale of the problems. Another point that is often overlooked is that the economic aid given India is modest indeed compared to what most other developing countries have received: India's average receipts of foreign aid amount to no more than \$1.50 a year per capita.

It is no use pretending that economic development is something that happens overnight. People had far too many illusions about underdevelopment when the question first became acute after the war. Even today, many people still do not understand that there is no short-term solution, that one just cannot obtain immediate and spectacular results like those of the Marshall Plan, operated as it was in a Europe which, though shattered, still had all the infrastructure essential for rapid reconstruction. Five-

year and ten-year plans are too short to mark the stages of the third world's economic growth; it can really only be measured in generations. In the advanced countries several generations were needed to reach a satisfactory standard of living. The rate of progress will be slightly faster for the developing countries now because we have a better understanding of economic phenomena, and in particular we are able to avoid, or at any rate to circumscribe, world crises, which formerly halted development completely for years at a time. But still, we must get rid of the idea that development can ever be a rapid process.

Do you think that India is doing everything she can to speed up progress? I remember that just after the war, when we were beginning to concern ourselves with these questions, my colleagues and I used to say: "Southeast Asia—in particular, India and Pakistan—are not likely to present any grave problems. They inherited a highly competent, experienced administration from the British Civil Service." We imagined that, because of this, economic problems would be solved more easily and more quickly in India than in other countries. But we failed to take into account the size of the problems or the importance of time. We came to realize that a good administration was not enough to create a modern state.

Situations like this cannot be judged on superficial impressions. In a few years' time, when India's progress will be more evident, people will be saying: "If only the other developing countries had such a good administration as India." Fashions change fast.

The situation in Pakistan really was desperate after independence. For ten years the country lived almost entirely from foreign aid, and there seemed very little prospect of the situation improving. Today Pakistan's economy is on

the move, and there no longer appear to be any insuperable problems. India, on the other hand, got off to a fairly brilliant start. In spite of considerable political difficulties, the survival of feudal princes and the existence of seventeen official languages, the country made remarkable progress.

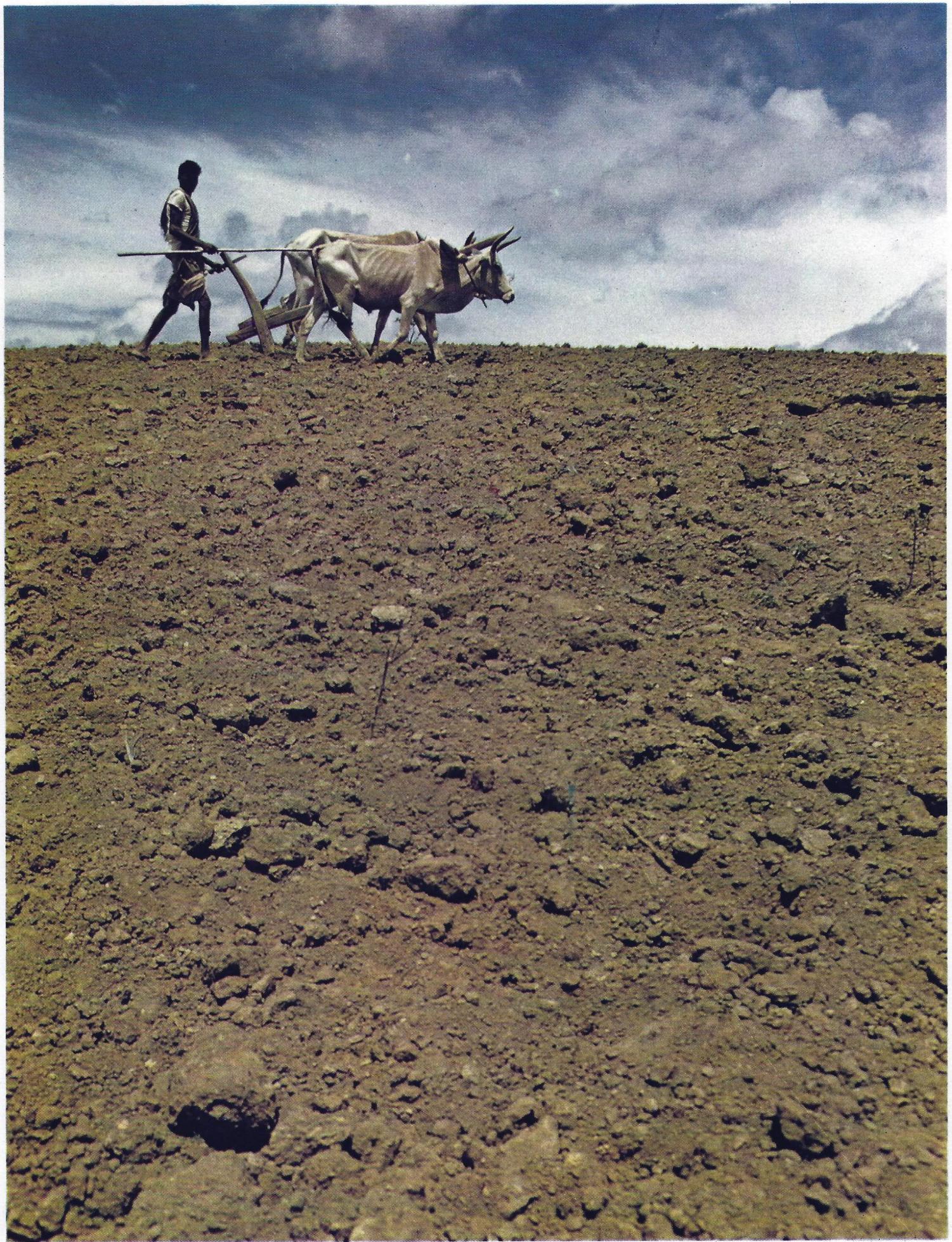
Then came the wars with China and Pakistan, which largely disorganized the economy; and—for the first time in a century—drought struck for two successive years, which meant that the country's agricultural production was completely wiped out in 1965 and 1966. This has led to the present situation: a state of famine, and a drop, for the first time in fifteen years, in the national income.

The present situation is thus the result of a conjunction of unfortunate events; it is certainly not something which would have happened in the normal course of things. And, so long as there are no further wars or droughts, India will forge ahead again next year. Indian economists reckon that the national income should increase by 20 to 25 per cent over the next five years, and, personally, I consider this estimate reasonable.

What do you think India should do to ensure this rate of growth and to prevent so many people dying of hunger in the next drought?

India must do three things. She must brake the population growth rate, modernize agriculture, and orient her industries more to export. The population is increasing at the moment at a rate of 2.5 to 3 per cent per year. (In 1950 the growth rate was 2 per cent.) Population growth must first be stabilized at the present rate, then reduced. This, too, will require time; how much time, no one can forecast. For, till now, there has been no measurable success in population control. The major problem of the

continued



A lonely labourer, the Indian farmer must accomplish a spectacular increase in crop production to overcome the famine. According to John Adler, this should be possible: with new seeds, hydraulic pumps, special fertilizers and tractors.



India is still struggling with her industrial revolution 150 years after the same phenomenon in the West (above, workers predecessors, there is no "anti-industrialism." India's atomic research centres, for example, are among the most



in the Rourkela steel mills). But, in Adler's view, India's workers are no less fitted to the task than were their Western advanced. But industry must increase exports to attract currency and to improve the economy through competition.



A pathetic legacy of famine, the child above is one of hundreds in the Bihar region suffering from the effects of the two years' catastrophic drought. Along with agricultural reform, the government is trying to control the population explosion.

next fifteen years will be to absorb another 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 persons into the economy every year.

The agricultural problem is now being looked at with a fresh eye. Experts have gradually come to realize that, contrary to expectations, development was proving far easier in industry than in agriculture. I remember that as recently as fifteen years ago one was always seeing articles describing the difficulties of setting up a factory in a developing country—of recruiting labour and training management. In fact, it has proved to be much easier than had been expected, particularly in the case of India, where there has been a certain amount of industry for over seventy years.

It is the development of agriculture which has proved the most problematical. Agricultural modernization consists essentially in transforming the independent marginal subsistence farmer into a kind of farm manager who will buy good quality seed, fertilizer, raw materials and machines, and transform them into agricultural produce. This technical outlook so necessary to modern agriculture is signally lacking in India. But in any process of economic development, it is inevitable that there should be certain sectors which lag behind, that the makeup of the international income should be modified, that certain regions should be more favoured than others.

It has long been thought that economic development means first and foremost industrial development, and that growth takes place in the towns. Today in New Delhi you can see an industrial zone which did not exist twenty years ago. And there has been remarkable industrial progress in Bombay, Bangalore, Poona, and in a couple of dozen other towns.

But it has also become clear that the increase in national income produced by the industrial sector does not necessarily lead to similar progress in the agricultural sector. Although this problem has been recognized in India for some time, all efforts to solve it have been unsatisfactory, and it is now being tackled with renewed vigour.

India's industries must be reoriented towards the export market and this for two reasons: firstly to attract convertible currency, vital for development. Funds flowing into India as foreign aid are not sufficient; the Indians must try to earn more convertible currency by their own devices, which would at the same time make them slightly less dependent on the vagaries of aid. Second, it is now a commonplace that overseas trade is a very effective instrument for making an economy more efficient and competitive. A study we have just

completed shows that economic growth has always been more rapid in countries that have made the greatest efforts to boost exports.

If India perseveres in these three main directions you have mentioned—population control, agriculture and exports—how long do you think it will be before inhabitants can hope to have a decent standard of living?

It is no use deceiving ourselves about this. For many decades to come India will remain a very poor country. At the moment the annual per capita income is about \$90 or £33. If an annual economic growth rate of 5 per cent can be attained, and if the population growth rate can be stabilized at around 2.5 per cent, the increase in per capita income will be of the order of 2.5 per cent per year. Thus it will take twenty-eight years to double the income of each Indian and so bring it to \$180 per year by 1995. One can assume that the next generation will again double this figure, thus bringing the annual per capita income up to \$360 around the year 2025.

Do you think the Indians—and the other underdeveloped peoples in a similar position—will be prepared to wait and to accept the idea that, in fifty years' time, their standard of living will hardly have reached a fifth of the present level in the industrialized countries of the world?

But what other alternative do they have? One often hears it said that the most serious problem in the world today is the gulf between the developed and underdeveloped countries. Personally, this seems to me a purely intellectual argument put forward by people used to seeing problems through statistics. The real problem is the possible rate of growth of a given economy: what is important for the average Indian, the average Egyptian or the average African is for him to have the feeling that his condition is improving. If the per capita income is successfully doubled in a generation, children will have a standard of living twice as high as their parents had, people will notice that things are getting better. Of course, certain precautions must be taken, for instance, to ensure that there are not too many inequalities within any one country. The people of the third world will attach far less importance to the difference between their income and that of rich countries than to the steady improvement of their own individual standard of living.

Do you think that India can ever achieve the status of a modern industrial country without accomplishing a

profound change in the Indian mentality and the social structure of the country? I know that people often try to explain the slow development of certain countries by their supposed innate incapacity to adapt to modern techniques. But when you actually visit factories in developing countries, as I have often done, you come away amazed by the speed at which people with no training or experience of handling modern tools develop the necessary technical mentality. How many European farmers understand the exact effect of the artificial fertilizers they use? Usually all they know is that you have to put so many hundredweight of fertilizer on a field to improve the crop yield.

If one can succeed in convincing the Indian or the African farmer that he ought to put fertilizer on his land and that his crops will be better, that is all that is needed. Of course, technical education is very important for the progress of a country, but it is not true to say that it is an indispensable condition for development. In the last century, when the Western countries carried out their industrial revolutions, most of the workers could neither read nor write and had had no kind of technical training.

As far as social structure is concerned, I must say, as an economist, that our sociologist colleagues have so far not been much help. The point is always made that social structures must change, but no one has explained to us how it is to be done. I believe myself that social structures change as a consequence of economic development, and that this change cannot be made into a condition for economic development. This has, in fact, been proved by the evolution of the industrialized countries over the last century.

Do you think that a socialist government with authoritarian state planning would be better for India's economic development than the present Congress Party government?

No, I don't think so. Japan has emerged brilliantly from underdevelopment with a liberal economy. Israel, South Korea, Pakistan, Puerto Rico, Jamaica and Ivory Coast have all recently achieved notable economic successes without detailed state planning.

What can the rich countries do now to help India?

Continue to send aid. First, technical assistance must be increased to support the Indians' own efforts in the struggle for population control and the modernization of agriculture. Next, food should immediately be sent every time a disastrous drought threatens to cause a famine.

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BYRON JANIS

Pianist Byron Janis has a dark, romantic air that goes well with his first name, but there's nothing brooding or wild-eyed about him. He talks warmly and articulately about his passions: music, sports, poetry and life. Across the room in Paris' Plaza-Athénée Hotel his tall and willowy wife, Maria (the daughter of Gary Cooper), was sketching him. She sketches him all the time —his hands, his face, Byron playing the piano, Byron relaxing. . . .

He looked very relaxed indeed as he talked to us between concerts in his silently swish seventh-floor suite. "I always choose this top floor for obvious reasons," he said, nodding at an upright piano in the next room, the only evidence of the hard work he puts in every day.

Thirty-nine-year-old Janis, who often wins his bets at the racetrack, might be called a kind of dark horse himself. Unlike the "younger" generation of pianists, who made their names by winning prestigious prizes (Russia's Tchaikovsky, Belgium's Queen Elizabeth, France's Marguerite Long, and so on), Janis forged ahead with only his playing to build a reputation on.

"Actually, musical competitions were practically nonexistent in my day," says Janis. "In any case, they're not the Olympic Games. The winner in music is not necessarily better than the one who came in second. Sports are played against somebody. Concerts are not. You can't write against Robert Frost. You can't play against another pianist."

Byron Janis has never even played against himself. Unlike Sviatoslav Richter, who sometimes shuts himself into a practice chamber to re-hash a concert he is not satisfied with for hours on end, Janis prefers to go to the planned party after a concert, even if he's displeased with his playing. "I understand Richter's reaction," he says, "but I'd rather do something else, even though I might look preoccupied."

One of the rare child prodigies who later followed through with his early promise and built a solid career, Janis wasn't treated like a baby Bach, but as a normal child with a gift. "I wasn't really a performing child prodigy and I didn't overplay," he says, "though I did give concerts from time to time."

Born in Pittsburgh of Russian immigrants, the prodigy was "discovered"

by his kindergarten teacher. He had been given a xylophone for Christmas and started to ping away by ear; flabbergasted to hear one of her pupils accompanying her piano notes perfectly, the teacher recommended music lessons, and her advice was followed.

The big break came for Janis at the tender age of seven. After six or eight months of lessons he made his debut on the Pittsburgh radio, pinch-hitting for one of his teacher's older pupils, who was down with a bad cold. At nine he gave a recital in Pittsburgh, then as a teen-ager he went into semi-retirement from the concert stage while he studied with Adele Marcus in New York. When he was back in Pittsburgh, the great Horowitz heard one of his concerts, asked him to play for him in New York and of his own accord asked Janis to be his pupil. He was the first pupil Horowitz had ever taken and his only one at the time.

"One of the difficulties of studying with a great master is to develop your own personal outlook," says Janis, who admits that the most important benefits of Horowitz' teachings came only after he no longer took lessons. Although Horowitz always encouraged Janis to develop his own style, Janis felt he was under the master's sway until he left him. But the flawless technique he learned under Horowitz is still with him today, in spite of a different interpretative approach. After a dazzling Carnegie Hall debut in 1948, Janis toured America, made his European debut at Amsterdam's Concertgebouw in 1952, and in 1960 Russian music lovers gave him an immediate warm-hearted bear hug.

His return to Russia in 1962 was triumphant; twelve concerts were sold out as soon as they were announced, and though his Moscow appearance was in honour of the Tchaikovsky competition, Janis bowed the audience over—including judges and contestants of the competition. "One of the greatest pianists of this age," announced the conductor Kyril Kondrashin.

Only one off-key note jarred that Russian tour: the unlikely combination of Janis and Benny Goodman's orchestra in a performance of *Rhapsody in Blue*. What could have become a great happening didn't quite live up to its promise, mainly because Mr.

Goodman chose to stand right smack dab in centre stage with his clarinet. Janis had a hard time seeing Goodman over the piano, and all the neck-craning didn't make for very happy harmony. Russia still loves both Janis and Goodman . . . separately.

About half of Janis' performances are in the United States and half are abroad, and he's equally popular on both sides of the Atlantic. "It's a good thing to immerse oneself in different environments," he says, "to find out what makes people tick."

Janis is not immune to all criticism. But the only point he has ever been scored on is his personal reading of music. "The only thing an artist can do is play as he feels the music," he retorts. "I play what somebody else has written, but I feel that musicians are constantly searching for that balance between what the characteristic style of the music is, what may have been meant by the composer, and what the artist feels. The composer might hear his work played in an unaccustomed way by an artist and find that he can be delighted with a new aspect that pleases him and that he perhaps had not been aware of."

"You know, I didn't think of that but, my God, I love it!" exclaimed a contemporary composer after hearing Janis' interpretation of his work. Beethoven, Brahms or Bach might have said the same thing, for Janis feels that all music is living and that nothing is sacred about a certain way of interpreting music.

An ecstatic Marseilles critic, however, went so far as to equate Janis—with "his magic touch, his hint of something fine that has been wounded"—with Frédéric Chopin himself.

Wherever Janis is, he spends at least one and up to four hours a day practising. This might not seem very taxing, but when a musician is giving a concert every night on tour, it's difficult to find even an hour for real work. "And I don't want to overtrain," said Janis, who sometimes just can't help drumming his fingers on the arm of a chair. The hotels where he goes are now used to the idea of having a piano installed in his room, and when he's on vacation in a desolate spot without a piano, he "practises" on tables. The only trouble he ever has abroad is satisfying certain cravings he has before performances.

Coca-Cola was the most difficult, and in Russia a carton had to be flown in.

Janis has a genuine rapport with his audiences, and cheerfully submits to post-concert writer's cramp, signing endless programmes and shaking miles of hands.

He tactfully won't name a favourite country to play in, though he praises French audiences. "They're wonderful to perform for . . . so enthusiastic. There's nothing worse than an audience who may like what you're doing and won't show it. It's like being a matador. You make a good pass, the crowd shows it, and you can give even more. A good public is one that can let go when they like you."

Janis thinks audiences in America have overcome a kind of hayseed reticence that used to characterize them. "They used to be quite reserved in smaller American cities, probably due to the fact that they hadn't heard much music and were afraid to like the wrong thing. This constraint has vanished. Music is now on a pedestal in America. The public goes to concerts; the people have developed taste. You should see the magnificent job the committeewomen do for the orchestras in our cities! They've been infected by this music fever. They give a great deal of their time and energy to music, and this is a wonderful thing."

The touring life of about nine months a year is exhausting, but Janis got used to it long ago and Maria fits in with ease and serenity. She goes to all of her husband's concerts and runs their Park Avenue apartment in New York with the help of only a maid. "I was terrified of cooking when I got married," she smiled, looking up from her sketch of Janis, but I actually enjoy it."

"And she's very good," added Janis. When Maria isn't looking after the apartment or listening to a concert, she's painting or sketching and is becoming an accomplished artist herself.

Janis is an avid sports fan, and Maria is just as enthusiastic as her husband, who especially likes to go to the race-track, sometimes bets and often wins. "He's got a gambling instinct; he's tuned in," says Maria.

"I've loved the feeling of the track since I was a child," says Janis. "Winning is a combination of factors. I look for a force; I guess I have a kind of

sixth sense. But what I really like about racing is not the gambling, but the ambience, the beauty of the animals, the setting . . ."

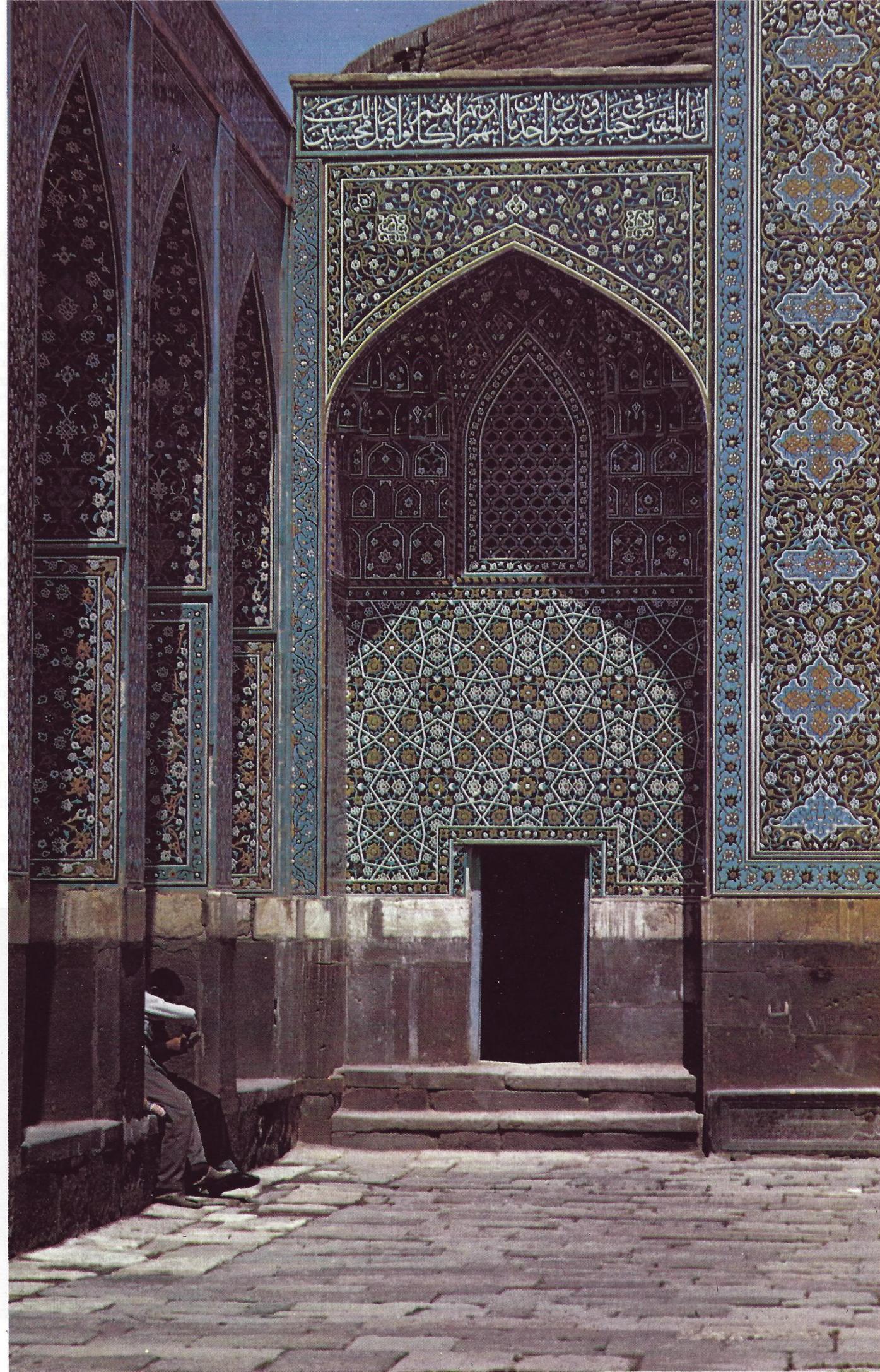
Janis took up tennis last year, but has only an occasional game because it's wearing on his wrist. "My last game was played with the conductor of the Toronto Symphony, Segi Ozawa," says Janis. "It was the worst game in history." He has now embarked on what he considers a gentler sport, bicycling, which makes a big hit with the Tour de France-mad French. At every opportunity they shoot photos of Byron and bicycle. "And I'm trying to get him interested in scuba diving," says Maria, who has appeared in diving gear in magazine colour spreads.

Byron and Maria both read a great deal. "For me, poetry is the closest thing to music," says Janis. And they have many friends and acquaintances all over the world. "I know people in medicine, science and business, not only in music," says Janis. "But for a continuing friendship, I need to know somebody with something besides skill in his field. I guess you'd call that sensitivity to beauty." The very soul of discretion, Janis declines to name his best friends . . . just as he won't name his favourite composers.

Janis adds: "You cannot compare greatness, either in friends or composers."

SUZANNE PATTERSON





A rare insight of a monument that marked the zenith of one of Persia's great dynasties

ARDEBIL

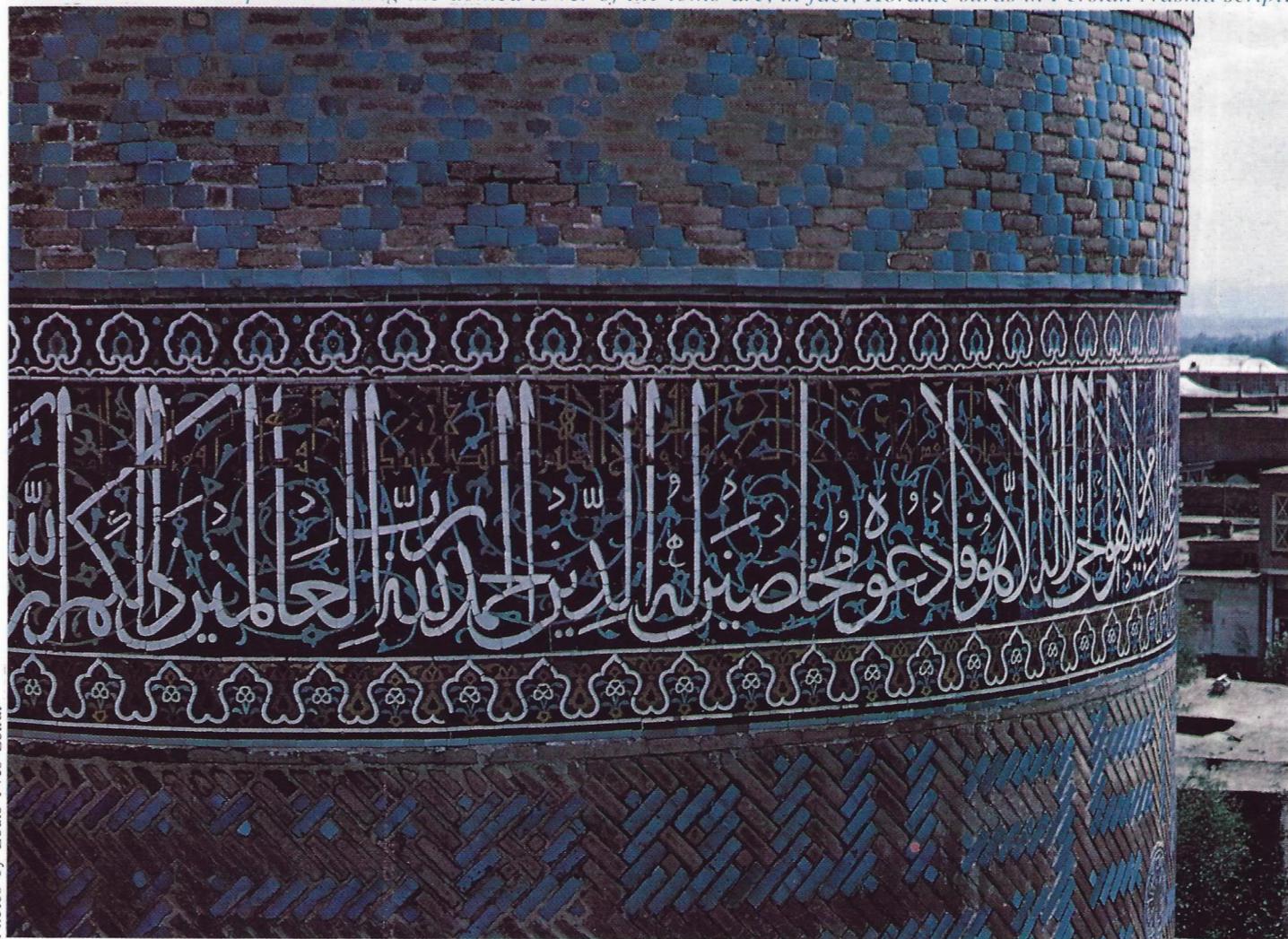
secrets of a ceramic sepulchre

One of the most moving testimonials to the glorious past of Iran is the Sheikh Safi mausoleum at Ardebil. It lies in the northwestern corner of Iran, in the province of Azerbijan, once the pride of the nation. Tabriz, the capital, boasted the finest bazaar in the whole country, where wares from the West crossed with those of the East. Marco Polo and many another Venetian or Genoese merchant brought back with him the fabulous carpets and silks, for the famous "Silk Road" passed but a short distance to the south. But Tabriz—and Ardebil with it—lost the source of its prosperity when the sea routes to the Indies were found, followed by the opening of the Suez Canal. Rail and air traffic then did the rest.

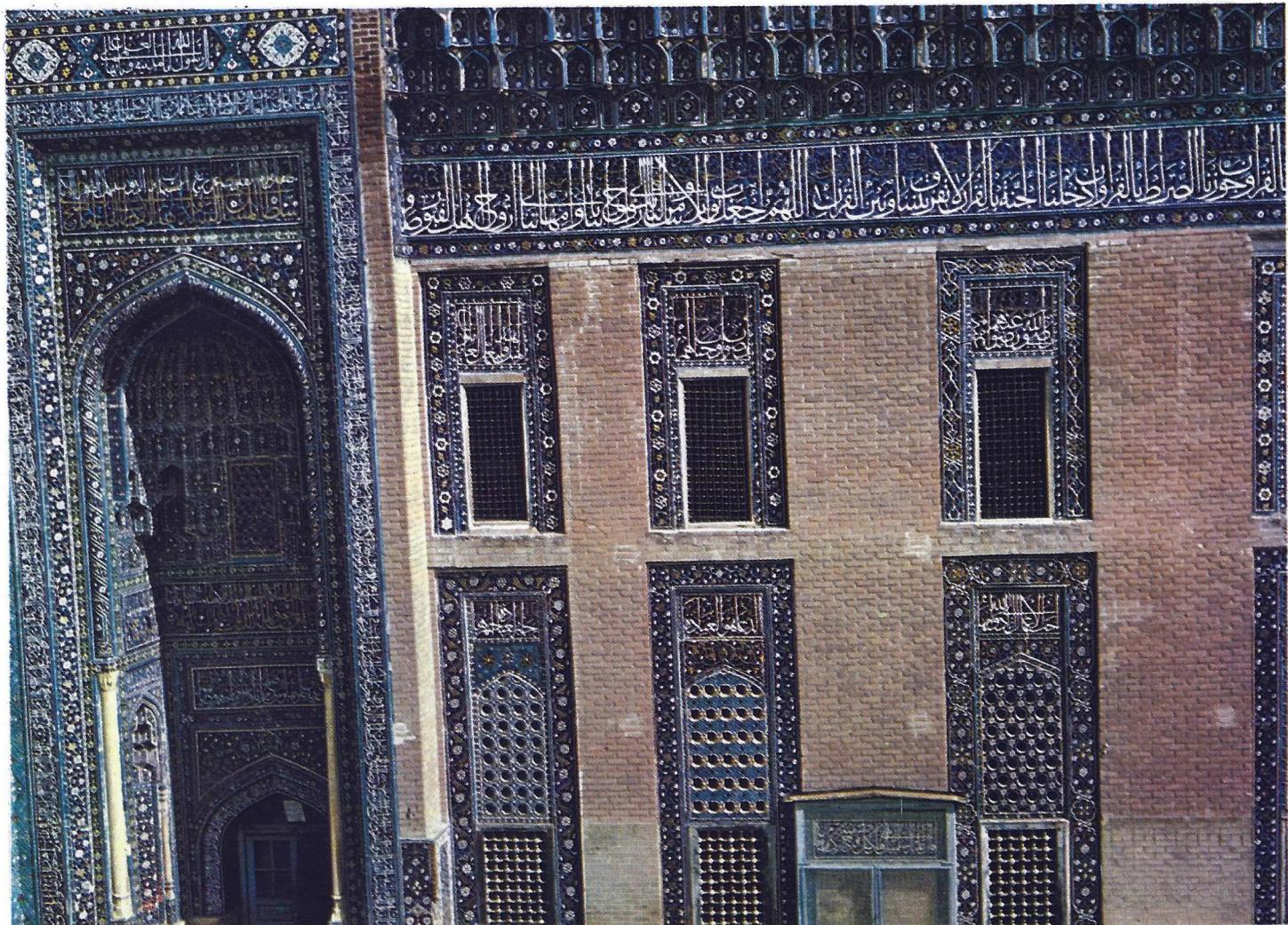
Ardebil now carries on a certain transit trade with the USSR but otherwise slumbers on as it has since the fall of the Safavid dynasty in the early 18th century, the dynasty that, in many ways, took Persia to the height of her achievements and power. For Ardebil, a town of some 70,000 inhabitants, somewhat isolated on a circular plateau 4,940 feet above sea level, surrounded on all sides by high mountains, was the cradle of the Safavid dynasty; the ancestor Sheikh Safi, and Ismaïl, its first Shah coming nearly 200 years after him,

Though lacking most of its interior treasures, the mausoleum at Ardebil has now been restored to its former splendour.

The remarkable inscriptions circling the domed tower of the tomb are, in fact, Koranic suras in Persian Naskhi script.



Round towers, with their inlay of predominantly blue glazed tile, house the magnificent tombs of Sheikh Safi and Ismaïl. >



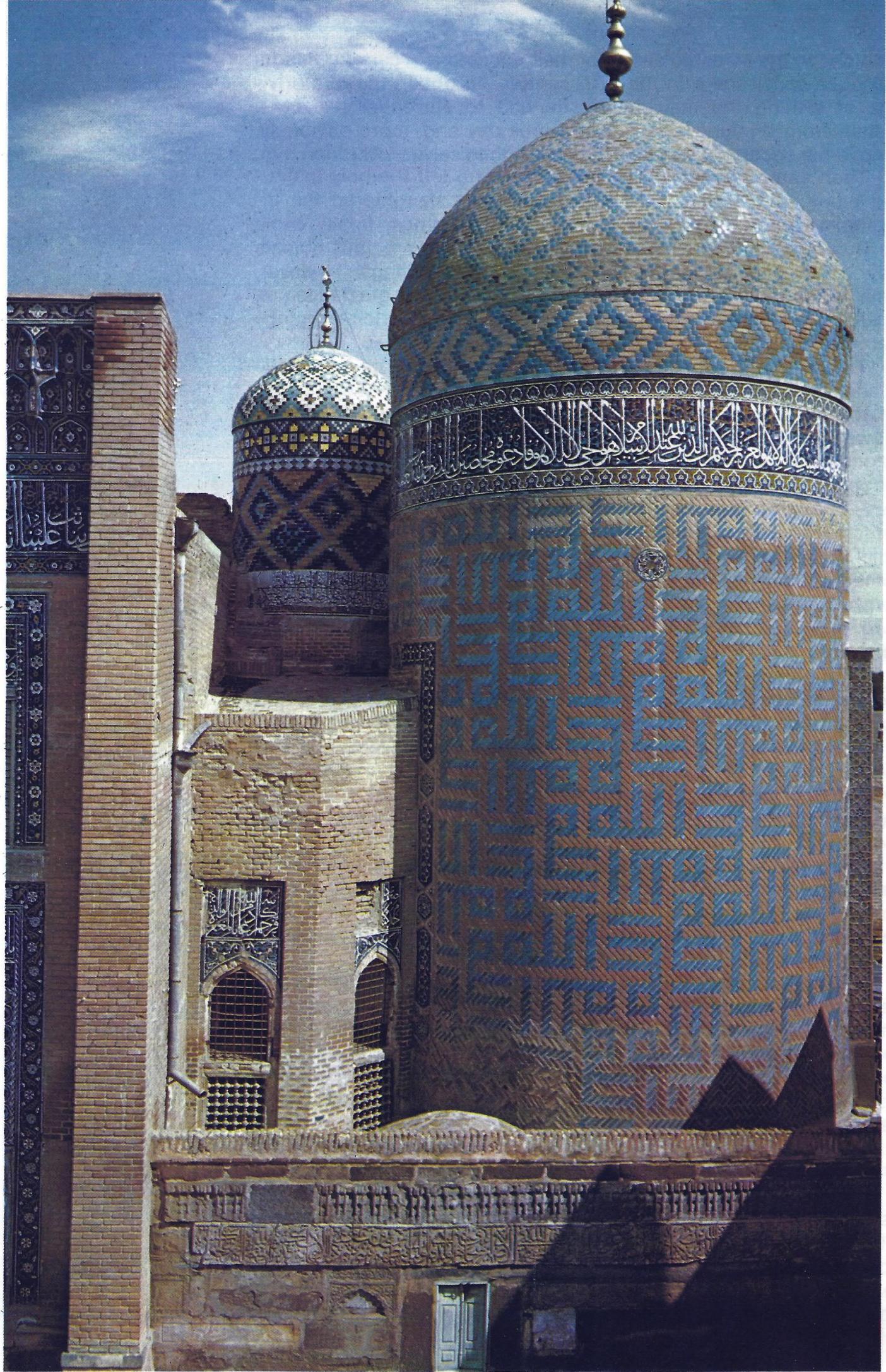
Dwarfed by the huge archway, a tiny door leads to the mosque of Sheikh Safi where the famed mystic led the prayer.

buried in the mausoleum, and to their shrine pilgrims flocked for 200 years at the rate of 1,000 a day, for this was one of the most magnificent and holy shrines in all of Persia.

Sheikh Safi was a revered mystic during his life and when he died in 1334 his son had the tomb built. His house grew in spiritual—and thus political—power, until 1500, when Ismaïl marched on Tabriz, took it and had himself crowned King of Persia within a year.

He took to Ardebil so completely that he had a palace built there, long since, alas, reduced to rubble by the invading Turks. But on his death in 1524, he was inhumed and placed beside his illustrious ancestor. Apart from founding a dynasty, Ismaïl had immense influence on the development of the nation by decreeing that the official religion was to be Shi'ite, a splinter sect of Islam. The consequences of this move were as important in the history of Islam as Henry VIII's break with the Pope was to the Western world.

The rare travellers to the court of the shahs brought back tales of unheard splendours in the shrine of Sheikh Safi. Successive monarchs vied with one another in their



additions to the splendid shrine of their ancestors. A certain Olearus describes a visit there in the 17th century: to obtain the rare privilege of visiting the mausoleum, he had to surrender his arms, abstain from drinking wine the previous day and, more obviously, remove his shoes, only to find the tombs themselves forbidden him.

Then came occupation by the Turks, who left the holy institution alone; the Afghans were next and they slaughtered the inhabitants rather than tampering with the buildings; finally came the Russians, in 1826, and they removed the most precious objects they could find, including the library. The buildings, however, remained in relatively good condition, without the original mosque, of which very little remains, and without some of the rich trappings that the cupidity of the guardians further diminished.

To visit the mausoleum is a stunning experience. The reluctance to show the treasures has gone. Indeed, the friendly townsfolk of Ardebil are proud of their past and are delighted when a visitor shows interest in their treasures. They lead him in beneath the magnificent, soaring archway through successive courts to the sanctuary buildings, elaborately decorated with polychrome glazed tiles—ceramics have been a speciality of the Persians since time immemorial. Above them rise two circular domed towers under which lie the tombs of Sheikh Safi and Ismaïl. To the right, another domed building, larger this time. This was the library which, tradition has it, was the best in all Persia, but “removed” to St. Petersburg. However, the ceiling—eight arches supporting a dome dripping with “stalactites” in gold and blue—is still breathtaking.

Thought to have been built around 1300, the oldest part of the shrine enclosure, the ruins of the mosque, make one realize how glorious the original must have been. The most amazing parts of the mausoleum, however, lie below the two towers. The first room of the shrine, a kind of antechamber, is flanked on either side by three recesses; in the shrine’s heyday, no infidel could ever have set foot beyond this point. But times have changed; visitors today crowd round the tomb. In sandalwood inlaid with ivory, it originally had a golden cover set with precious stones; now, priceless carpets have replaced it. The famous Ardebil carpet in London’s Victoria and Albert Museum was removed from the shrine and sold to an English collector for the sum of £100. Its value is now inestimable.

Outside, a visitor takes a last long look at the magnificently rich decoration and bands of Naskhi inscriptions before leaving. The snow-capped mountains in the distance, particularly Mount Savalan, remind him of the altitude; they say here that Zarathustra wrote the tenets of his work Avesta in the crater of one of the volcanoes, now extinct. In summer Iranians will come here for health cures, as the water of the streams, warm at that season, has proved remarkably successful in the treatment of certain skin complaints. The climate generally is held to be very healthy and bracing.

From Ardebil down to the Caspian Sea, with its beaches and its caviar, is only thirty-four miles; but it means going down those 4,940 feet to sea level. The scenery grows rapidly greener, more hospitable, and the climate warmer, but a visitor reflects sadly that he has left behind him the birthplace of a civilization that changed the face of the world.

GILES ALLEN

(See “Marginal Travel Notes” on page 18.)

ARAGON

the angst and the arrogance

BY ALAIN SCHIFFRES

Exactly who and what is Louis Aragon? His character is dizzying in its complexity. Is he the devil-may-care Dadaist or the official poet of the French Communist Party? The man who once referred to Moscow as an old woman or the author of an ode to Maurice Thorez, the late leader of the French Party? The bad boy of the Twenties or the militant of the Thirties? Head-hunter or bashful lover? Impassioned surrealist or disenchanted realist? Avant-garde poet or twentieth-century troubadour? To study Louis Aragon is to hold this century's history in your hands; and yet this power to frighten and to fascinate is undiminished to this day. How do you unravel the mystery of Aragon? By pulling the black thread of his repudiations or the red thread of his loyalties?

The first critical point in Aragon's career took place in the Soviet Union. A description will help to answer some of these questions.

Moscow in November, 1930, was muddy, cold and gloomy. People in the streets, badly dressed, stared into the windows of empty stores. A train, quite luxurious for the times, had just left the capital for Kharkov. As it rolled through one small station after another, a male chorus or the waving of red flags often greeted it, for its cargo was a precious one, a group of writers from all over the world who had arrived to attend the Second Conference of Revolutionary Writers. Among them were Louis Aragon, his

friend Georges Sadoul, and Elsa Triolet, whom he had met two years before.

Aragon was then thirty years old. Born in Neuilly, a chic Paris suburb, the illegitimate son of a former prefect, Aragon had been raised in respectable middle-class fashion by his mother. World War II put an end to his medical studies, but brought him together with André Breton and Philippe Soupault. This friendship was to touch off the firecracker of Dada and the bomb of surrealism.

At the age of thirty, a literary prodigy and a political nihilist who liked to shock

The most provocative of the Dadaists and the most quarrelsome surrealist was Louis Aragon. A literary prodigy, he was at the same time the most brilliant of the group. Some of the most beautiful of the surrealist texts, *Anicet, Le Paysan de Paris* (The Peasant of Paris), *Le Traité de Style* (The Treatise on Style) were his.

What Aragon liked best, handsome and insolent rowdy that he was, was to shock. In 1925 he said: "Laugh if you will! It is we who will always be ready to shake hands with the enemy." On another occasion he announced: "The Russian Revolution? I shrug my shoulders. Ideologically, it's nothing more than a cabinet crisis." Even his friends found this political nihilism a bit excessive and Breton quickly repudiated Aragon's "unacceptable bravura."

Why was Louis Aragon now in a train bound for Kharkov? Obviously much had happened since 1925. The Spanish and French repression of the Rif revolt in Morocco had shocked the surrealists and hastened their rapprochement with the communists. Breton, Aragon and Éluard, among others, joined the Party in 1927. Aragon went to the Congress for Revolutionary Writers as a surrealist and returned a communist.

Sent to defend the point of view of his fellow surrealists, he had signed at the last minute a text which threw to the winds practically all that they held most dear: the Second Surrealist Manifesto, psychoanalysis, Trotskyism.

The surrealists welcomed his return to France in chilly silence. Aragon protested: preserving his friendship with the surrealists was a matter of life and death to him. Repudiating the Kharkov text, he insisted that he had been forced to sign it and quickly wrote an article defending psychoanalysis, which he had condemned.

But he would never be the same again. Henceforth, he would submit himself automatically to the dictates of the Party, rather than to those of surrealism. By 1931 the break between Breton the prophet and Aragon the apostate was complete. It never healed. The end of this friendship hastened Aragon's break with his past, which he sealed with a flood of literary recantations. He quickly assumed the role of combat poet. Modelling himself on

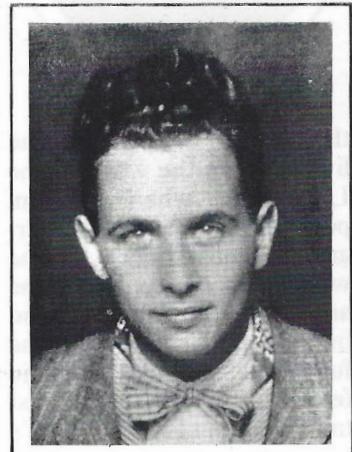
Mayakovsky, he availed himself of all the clichés and the strung-out slogans dear to the Russian poets of the time to write *Le Front rouge* (The Red Front):

*You cannot use machine guns as you would Against habit and pigheadedness
But already eighty per cent of this year's bread Will come from Marxist kolkhoz wheat.*

After 1934 he turned to the realist novel to express his new convictions, with much happier results, producing the series of novels called *Le Monde réel* (The Real World) which included *Les Cloches de Bâle* (The Bells of Basel), *Les Beaux quartiers* (The Fine Districts), and *Les Voyageurs de l'Impériale* (The Horse-Drawn Bus Riders).

The events of August, 1937, did not augur well for the French communists. On August 25 an atmosphere of gloom hung over the offices of the Paris daily *Ce Soir*. Since the founding of the paper in 1937 Aragon, a co-

1924: an insolent surrealist



ARAGON

editor, had faithfully defended in its pages the Communist Party line: the national defence policy, opposition to Munich, and the Anglo-French alliance with the Soviet Union.

Today's meeting of the editorial board was funereal; it proved in fact to be the last. *Ce Soir* was banned by government edict. The French Communist Party was now to know one of its darkest hours: two days before, under threat of war, Stalin had signed a non-aggression pact with Hitler.

Militants and intellectuals alike were struck dumb with horror. Aragon was one of the first to come to himself. On August 23 he wrote in *Ce Soir*: "Once again the Soviet Union has manifested with great vigour its desire to remain on terms of peace with the world." On August 24 he took up arms again: "I repeat: yesterday the threat of war was reduced." None of his doubts, none of his hesitations, was to show.

After the war, in 1947, the French Communist Party underwent what the sociologist Edgar Morin was to call the second Stalinist freeze. Gone forever was



1942: with Elsa in Nice

the heroic moment it had lived during the war and the Liberation, when Aragon, poet laureate of the Underground movement, "prime witness to martyrdom," the animator of Underground intellectuals, shone with the full force of his patriotic fervour. The communist takeover in Prague, Tito's

excommunication, the trial of Radj, the breakdown of tripartisanship cooperation on the home front, the alliance of France with the United States, a wave of virulent anticommunist sentiment, all these postwar developments had forced the Party into isolation. Once anathematized, it retreated behind its wall of ideology, to pursue with greater vigour the war of the classes.

The Party congress in Moscow in 1947 had already defined some of the new directions to be taken: for instance, the workers were to have an art of their own, socialist realism, to replace the decadent art of the bourgeoisie. Art was to become a weapon, the artist a combatant. According to the principles of Jdanovism outlined at the Congress, the new art should be revolutionary in expression, and ultra-reactionary in form.

Aragon did not appear to be disturbed. On the contrary, not only did he rise to the defence of the new doctrine, he elaborated upon it. Silencing the young liberals in his entourage, Aragon put

himself at the head of the crusade to give French intellectual and artistic life a new direction.

Nothing escaped him. When in 1948 the Soviets wished to impose Lyssenko's improbable biology on French communist scientists, many of them objected. Aragon, undiscouraged, took up the banner. If the scientists wouldn't cooperate he would force the issue.

At the time, Aragon was running into difficulties on the art front. The greats—Picasso, Pignon, Léger—refused to be dictated to, and the abstractionists were unacceptable. What the Party lacked was a real, uncompromising socialist realist.

And then Fougeron appeared, his portfolio under his arm, to submit some drawings of workers for Aragon's approval. Winning it immediately, Fougeron suddenly found himself named official painter of the Party, and all the faithful were expected to swallow his heavy allegories. Completely undone by all this adulation, Fougeron never recovered from his apotheosis. His moment of glory was destined to be brief, however; a few years later, he was accused of sectarianism and fell abruptly from his pinnacle.

Both Stalinists and liberals in the French Party claim Aragon as leader

Meanwhile, Aragon had become an honorary member of the Central Committee of the Party. When he attended the Second Congress of Soviet Writers, the first after Stalin's death, he became aware of the struggle within the Party between "liberals" and Stalinists. He smelled a wind of change.

In reality, Aragon had nothing to fear from de-stalinization, which soon affected the French Communist Party. Leader of the most orthodox elements in the Party for years, he was now, after quashing Fougeron and his supporters, the

leader of the liberals as well. Nonetheless, he became very discreet in his public pronouncements. A dove by inclination, he became a hawk when forced to. He did not waver—publicly—at the time of the Hungarian uprising in 1956. In 1961, when Laurent Casanova, the Party ideologist and Aragon's collaborator during the Fifties, fell into disfavour, Aragon stepped back into the ranks when he saw that Casanova's downfall was irrevocable, and was silent.

If, during his life, Aragon has broken with many friends and abandoned many ideals that he formerly upheld he has always done so in the name of greater loyalties. These loyalties provide him with a mask behind which he can hide his vacillations and doubts. And yet no one can suspect the absolute sincerity of Aragon's attachment to his two great passions: Elsa Triolet and the French Communist Party.

These two passions came into Aragon's life almost simultaneously, and the one had a great deal to do with the other. One could almost say that Aragon, the proud and subtle sceptic, looked to the Party to provide him with a faith.

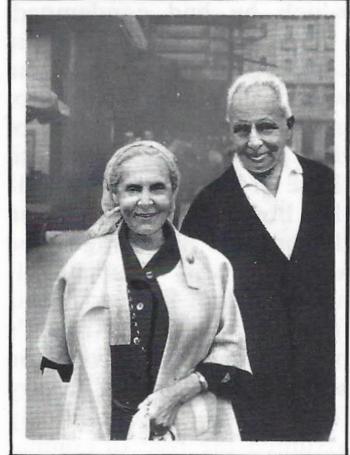
The agent of his salvation was Elsa Triolet, whom he met in 1928, and who was instrumental in his political conversion. It was she who encouraged him to go to the Soviet Union with her in 1930 to meet her sister Lili Brick, Mayakovsky's widow. Later in the same trip she served as his interpreter at the writers' congress at Kharkov and introduced him to the "right people." The influence that she had on his work from *Les Cloches de Bâle* onwards was not inconsiderable.

Aragon swears he cannot live without her. At the same time, he has an uncontrollable urge to publicize his passion, as the long list of his works devoted to the subject of Elsa proves. A friend tells the following story: once at Le Moulin,



1948: at the Sorbonne

In the streets of Prague



their country house, Aragon indulged in one of his favourite pastimes—reading his works aloud to a few friends. Striding about the room, he pronounced several lines of a poem he had just finished, *Fou d'Elsa* (Mad About Elsa), then stopped, rolled a wild eye to the ceiling, and pounding his fist on the table roared with each word: "It's true! It's true! It's true!"

Elsa Triolet was the most important, but not the only, intercessor between Aragon and the Party. He relied heavily on Laurent Casanova and Maurice Thorez, the most uncompromising members of the Party's hierarchy. Thorez had always defended Aragon's work; Casanova, put in charge of relations between intellectuals and the Party, gave him a feeling of security, for despite the apparent rigour of his adhesion to Party principles, Aragon the intellectual had never been able to bow completely to the yoke of Party ideology.

The affair involving Picasso's portrait of Stalin illustrates this point. Published by Aragon in a French literary paper of communist tendencies immediately after the death of the Soviet dictator, the drawing was highly unorthodox by socialist realist standards. A storm of scandal broke around Aragon; the Party dogmatists in Paris and Moscow forced him to make public amends.

Despite all his efforts to accommodate his creative impulses to Party demands, there have been other times when his loyalty has brought him much pain. For example, despite the fact that he had championed Jdanovism in France, Aragon could never bring himself to write a true socialist realist novel. His talent lay in his description of young bourgeois in revolt against their social class, and not in his treatment of the working classes, which often lacked conviction.

Aragon was made to suffer for this failing. In 1951, an entire meeting at La Grange Aux Belles, the

Party's reunion hall, was devoted to *Les Communistes*, a series of six novels by Aragon published between 1948 and 1951. During five long hours he sat at the tribune being subjected to the most violent criticisms. One especially cut him to the quick: "The author knows nothing about the

diplomat who, during the Resistance, kept on good terms with both the Catholics and the moderates. He is the poet who, through his simple rhythms and nostalgic verses inspired by the troubadours, brought tears to the eyes of occupied France. He is the spokesman of the intelligentsia, who would have

energy, reads selections of his works; it is a kind of reenactment of Victor Hugo's literary circle. Around Elsa he has organized a group of young poets, totally lost in admiration, as if to stave off the advancing years.

Of one thing we can be sure: Aragon has never been able to live alone. The realists, Elsa, the Party, his country, the poetry of the Middle Ages, his coterie of friends—he feels a constant necessity to put down roots. Perhaps conscious of a certain frivolity in his nature, he has always imposed an iron discipline on himself.

In 1968 the ruffled waters are smoothed, ideological differences forgotten. The Party, now more or less respectable, has come out of the ghetto. In his old age, Aragon has found serenity and personal fame. Able now to fulfil old ambitions, he is writing what he pleases, producing books which have a greater appeal for the bourgeois reader than for the Party militant. Since 1956 he has written a long autobiographical poem, *Le Roman inachevé* (The Unfinished Novel), an intricate epic called *La Semaine Sainte* (Holy Week), a chronicle of the Hundred Days in which "not a single garter button is missing," a novel called *La Mise à mort* (The Kill), in which he has mixed political memories, literary essays, love letters and fictional symbolism; and his most recent work, *Blanche*, a meditation on the role of fiction and of the passing of time. And throughout the years, Aragon has continued to celebrate his love for Elsa in poems which have become more tormented as he has grown older.

Someday, perhaps, the vast mirror of Aragon's work will reveal the whole man to us, instead of the many reflected facets that we see now; until then, it is by his love poems that Aragon will be known and best remembered. "Later, later," runs a line in *Le Roman inachevé*, "they will tell you who I was." (See overleaf.)



1954: in Russia for the Second Congress of Soviet Writers



1965: an honorary degree in Moscow



1967: on French television

working classes!" Although he defended himself vigorously at the time, Aragon never wrote the projected six novels which were to have completed the series.

A born mediator, Party emissary to the bourgeoisie and uniter of intellectuals

The list of Aragon's complexities is not complete. The Party regular is also a kind of eighteenth-century aristocrat, dry and cutting, who enjoys doing things with flair, who appreciates erudition, salon gossip and family trees. He is a born mediator who has always kept on good terms with the noncommunist intellectual camp, who brought a breath of fresh air into the Stalinized Party, "inviting us," a communist friend says, "to gaze upon the wonders of our lost paradise without compromising our souls."

He is the Party emissary to the world of the bourgeoisie, uniter of the intellectuals during the Popular Front, creator of the clandestine National Council of Writers, the charmer, the perfect

been Thorez' Minister of Culture had the communists come to power after the Liberation.

He was the watchful guardian of the black list: no member of the Committee was allowed to write for magazines or publishing houses which had accepted the work of collaborators. Sometimes, in a moment of indulgence, he struck some name off his list. A number of those he had pardoned later became close friends: Cocteau had even wished to have him admitted to the Académie Française.

During the Fifties the Council became progressively more communist, turning in upon itself, and becoming openly and unabashedly the possession of Aragon and Elsa. Nevertheless, they still have their group. At the organization's headquarters, located at the Maison de la Pensée Française, the couple receives visitors every Saturday. Aragon, radiating

Two unpublished translations by the celebrated English poetess Frances Cornford (1886-1960) with her own preface.

When I first wrote to M. Aragon asking for leave to make translations from his three wartime books of poetry, *Le Crève-Coeur* (The Heart-break), *Les Yeux d'Elsa* (Elsa's Eyes) and *La Diane Française* (The French Reveille), I hoped also to find out whether there were any poems he would like me to choose rather than others. He replied, "Je pense, en général, que c'est à vous de choisir ce qui vient bien à la traduction et qu'il vous amuse de traduire." This pleasant advice was exactly what I wanted to be given. But I soon discovered that there were many poems, both tragic and gay, which I should have been equally "amused" to tackle, but which were quite beyond my powers: above all, those which had an elaborate rhyme pattern. I noticed, for instance, that *Le Poème interrompu* (which Aragon was writing at the time he was called up) demanded six identical rhymes in each stanza; and yet I am convinced that if the English-speaking reader is to be made aware, however faintly, of the fire and architecture of Aragon's style, it is necessary to stick strictly to rhyme and rhythm; though I must confess that, except in one poem (*Les Lilas et les Roses*), I have substituted for the Alexandrine, familiar to French ears, the five-beat line which is equally familiar to ours. But, thanks to the merciful dispensation that our words are on the whole shorter than French ones, the loss of two syllables in each line is no great loss to the translation. I have been shown some sensitive free verse renderings of Aragon from America; yet these did not remind me of *Le temps des héros*, "when the simplest words have a sound like swords"; their sound seemed more like the thud of damp cotton wool.

These translations, then, are from poems which did not strike me as too formidable to attempt, together with one or two which perhaps drew me to them, just because they did! Chief of these is *Plainte pour le grand descort de France* with its daring internal rhymes, enchanting to the ear,

but desperately difficult to echo. I have included a few notes on this poem (among others) in the hope they may prove elucidating. But any poem worthy of the name is packed with different layers of meaning (not all of them explicit), so that various interpretations are valid at one and the same time.

I must end by thanking my cousin, Gwen Raverat, who first led me to the waters of Aragon and induced me to drink—naturally, once I had tasted, with delight. She has helped me ever since in the difficult task (difficult for me, that is) of coming to grips with the meaning of my text. So has Dr. Nicholas Bachtin, whose startling insight and knowledge have never failed to put me on my road again when I have been bogged; so has my daughter-in-law, Lucy Cornford, a most perceptive Critic on the Hearth. But, above all, I want to write of my gratitude to my old friend Sir Edward Marsh. Without his constant help I could never have achieved these translations at all. "What skill and what generosity," said a friend on seeing a page of his notes, so acutely critical, yet creative always. Thanks to him, passages by which I was at first lamentably defeated have again and again become the successes of my final draft. Indeed I have often been reminded of *The Rose and the Ring* and that scrawl of a knight in armour by the Princess Angelica as it appeared when unrecognizably "finished" by the little maid Betsinda (herself actually a royalty in disguise). But I am proud to differ in one respect from Angelica, for I at least can, and do, thank the most gifted and distinguished of Betsindas with all my heart.

These translations are dedicated to the memory of a Frenchman, Jacques Raverat, because his passionate and discriminating love for the poetry of his country and for its civilization opened a door in my foreign mind on the light of France, which, for me, could never be shut again.

Jacques Raverat died at the age of thirty-nine, nearly twenty years before *Le Crève-Coeur* was written. But as I have read Aragon I have been made aware of their common inheritance, that dateless and unconquerable quality of the French mind.

ARAGON

RICHARD THE LION-HEART

*And is this the world where we are penned,
A barracks, like our barracks now
At Tours in France? Will day not end?
And in our fields must strangers plough?*

*Each empty hour must I chart?
And hate, who have not learnt the way?
Not private even in my heart
Ah France—or is this France today?*

*I must not watch the swallow dart,
She speaks forbidden words in air,
Nor the unfaithful cloud depart,
Old ferryman of dreams that were.*

*Speak my own thoughts, I never must
Nor hum a tune I love, aloud.
Silence itself I dare not trust,
Nor sunlight anymore than cloud.*

*We know each other by our pain.
We are the many, they the strong;
They darken darkness yet again,
But captives still can make a song,*

*As pure as water, clear as sky,
And white as bread that used to be,
That mounts above the manger high,
So very high, the shepherds see.*

*All shepherds, wise men, butchers, bakers,
Accountants, carters, scholars—all,
Jugglers with words and image-makers,
And women round the market stall,*

*The men on ships and railway tracks
The men who weave and weld and steer,
The merchants and the steeplejacks
And the black miners—all must hear.*

*To all in France of every name,
This new name, Blondel, must belong,
and Freedom, like a whispering flame
Answer to Coeur-de-Lion's song.*

THE LILAC AND THE ROSES

RICHARD COEUR-DE-LION

Si l'univers ressemble à la caserne
A Tours en France où nous sommes reclus
Si l'étranger sillonne nos luzernes
Si le jour aujourd'hui n'en finit plus

Faut-il garder le compte de chaque heure
Hâir moi qui n'avais jamais hâi
On n'est plus chez soi même dans son cœur
O mon pays est-ce bien mon pays

Je ne dois pas regarder l'hirondelle
Qui parle au ciel un langage interdit
Ni s'en aller le nuage infidèle
Ce vieux passeur des rêves de jadis

Je ne dois pas dire ce que je pense
Ni murmurer cet air que j'aime tant
Il faut redouter même le silence
Et le soleil comme le mauvais temps

Ils sont la force et nous sommes le nombre
Vous qui souffrez nous nous reconnaîtrons
On aura beau rendre la nuit plus sombre
Un prisonnier peut faire une chanson

Une chanson pure comme l'eau fraîche
Blanche à la façon du pain d'autrefois
Sachant monter au-dessus de la crèche
Si bien si haut que les bergers la voient

Tous les bergers les marins et les mages
Les charretiers les savants les bouchers
Les jongleurs de mots les faiseurs d'images
Et le troupeau des femmes aux marchés

Les gens du négoce et ceux du trafic
Ceux qui font l'acier ceux qui font le drap
Les grimpeurs de poteaux télégraphiques
Et les mineurs noirs chacun l'entendra

Tous les Français ressemblent à Blondel
Quel que soit le nom dont nous l'appelions
La liberté comme un bruissement d'ailes
Répond au chant de Richard Coeur-de-Lion

LES LILAS ET LES ROSES

O mois des floraisons mois des métamorphoses
Mai qui fut sans nuage et Juin poignardé
Je n'oublierai jamais les lilas ni les roses
Ni ceux que le printemps dans ses plis a gardés

Je n'oublierai jamais l'illusion tragique
Le cortège les cris la foule et le soleil
Les chars chargés d'amour les dons de la Belgique
L'air qui tremble et la route à ce bourdon d'abeilles
Le triomphe imprudent qui prime la querelle
Le sang que préfigure en carmin le baiser
Et ceux qui vont mourir debout dans les tourelles
Entourés de lilas par un peuple grisé

Je n'oublierai jamais les jardins de la France
Semblables aux missels des siècles disparus
Ni le trouble des soirs l'étrange du silence
Les roses tout le long du chemin parcouru

Le démenti des fleurs au vent de la panique
Aux soldats qui passaient sur l'aile de la peur
Aux vélos délirants aux canons ironiques
Au pitoyable accoutrement des faux campeurs

Mais je ne sais pourquoi ce tourbillon d'images
Me ramène toujours au même point d'arrêt
A Sainte-Marthe Un général De noirs rameaux
Une villa normande au bord de la forêt
Tout se tait L'ennemi dans l'ombre se repose
On nous a dit ce soir que Paris s'est rendu
Je n'oublierai jamais les lilas ni les roses
Et ni les deux amours que nous avons perdus

Bouquets du premier jour lilas lilas des Flandres
Douceur de l'ombre dont la mort farde les joues
Et vous bouquets de la retraite roses tendres
Couleur de l'incendie au loin roses d'Anjou

Months of metamorphoses, months when all uncloses,
May that passed unclouded, and June stabbed dead:
Never shall I forget the lilac and the roses,
Nor the fallen lapped in spring, as we marched on ahead.

Never shall I forget those tragic hours of blindness:
The crowd; the cries; the sun; the sound of triumphing feet;
The tanks they piled with love, the gifts of Belgian kindness;
The swarming, buzzing roads; the quivering haze of heat;

The folly of rejoicing for issues still to try;
The scarlet stain of kisses prefiguring our blood;
Standing in the gun-turrets men about to die,
A people's joy had crowned with lilac still in bud.

France and her gardens, I never shall forget,
(Like those missal-books they were, made in centuries gone)
Nor the unquiet riddle, the silent evening set;
Nor the roses down the roads we marched back upon;
Rising winds of panic the flowers disavowed;
Soldiers winged by terror in the passing rout;
Guns ironic, bicycles delirious in the crowd;
The pitiful contraptions of the mock campers-out.

But this swirl of images brings me always back
To the same old halting-place. I don't know why.
Sainte-Marthe. A general. Shadows chequered black.
A timbered Norman villa. A heavy wood nearby.
Stillness. The enemy in the shade reposes.
Paris had surrendered. They told us so at night.
Never shall I forget the lilac and the roses
Nor the two loves we had, both now lost outright.*

Lilac, Flemish lilac of those early hours,
Shadowed like a dying face, grey and soft; and you,
You roses of retreat, tenderest of flowers,
Colour of a far-off fire, O roses of Anjou!

* An allusion to the popular song beginning: "J'ai deux amours, mon pays et Paris."

END

"Imagination, that's been the key to my success." Forty-five-year-old Ken Adam has needed some in his time. To be technical advisor, or to give him his correct title, "artistic director," of all but one of the James Bond films is sufficient proof that not much is beyond this man's ingenuity. For it was Ken Adam who thought out the sophisticated torture chamber for *Goldfinger* and who made the atomic plant on an island fortress in *Dr. No* a reality.

It is imagination coupled with a talent for sketching that set Ken Adam on his way. He first wished to be a painter and was encouraged in this ambition by his parents, who belonged to the prosperous Berlin middle class. But

KEN ADAM

the man who said Yes to Dr. No and ended up with gold fingers

the war changed the course of his career. When Ken Adam was thirteen the family fled the Nazi threat and found refuge in Britain. His father died in London, and his mother opened a boarding house for refugees. She saved every available penny so that her son could attend a school of architecture, but at the age of eighteen he decided that wartime was the wrong time to launch out on an artistic career. Too young to be naturalized, he nevertheless succeeded in enlisting and eventually became the only German fighter pilot in the R.A.F.

When peace came he found work as a designer in various film studios and began to acquire a reputation. One of



The man who drains his brain for Bond, designer Ken Adam relaxes in Spectre's Renaissance chair against a twenty-first century setting he dreamed up for "You Only Live Twice." The hardware in the background is a rocket launching site forty yards high and 150 yards long strategically located in a volcano, where Spectre plots World War III.



Adam's garden of Eden is a diabolical little bed of deadly carnivorous plants, another obstacle for Bond to overcome to reach Spectre.



A hideaway in the volcanic retreat, Spectre's apartment is a very plush pad. It sports antique furniture, paintings by old masters, and a closed-circuit TV system that turns out not to be Bond-proof; the pièce de résistance is the charming little pool teeming with man-eating piranha fish. This luxury flat cost the producers a cool \$1,000,000.

his first jobs was working in Italy, with Robert Aldrich, on a series of films adapted from classical mythology, when the producer Albert Broccoli showed him the script of *Dr. No*, the first of the Bond films.

"The producers gave me a free hand. I went to Jamaica to shoot the outdoor locations of the film. But realism wasn't enough. I had to reconstruct Dr. No's island fortress. I thought about various islands that had seemed mysterious to my youthful imagination and I recalled some sketches of Soulages, whom I very much admire. However, certain details were beyond me, so I consulted some atomic science experts.

"At Pinewood Studios one had become accustomed to making films on a shoestring. But I decided to use nothing but the authentic materials of the age we live in for my fortress: reinforced concrete and steel. The workmen were at first astounded, then amused. 'If you can design it, then we can build it,' they told me. The result was a setting that, because it was a child of my imagination, appeared more true to life than any island fortress could have been."

For the film *Goldfinger* Adam was given the task of reconstructing Fort Knox, the citadel in which the entire gold reserves of the United States are held. He began by requesting permission to visit Fort Knox, but this was refused on security grounds.

"So I copied the exterior, stone by stone," Ken Adam explains, "and then invented the interior. When the film was made we invited several Fort Knox officials to a private viewing. 'The exterior is so exact that we could have been taken in,' they said. 'As for the interior . . . let's say you have a vivid imagination.' That was fine, as far as I was concerned. I'm convinced that in actual fact the interior of Fort Knox consists of a series of sombre, circular vaults in which the gold ingots are stored, and that the whole thing couldn't be more unphotogenic. In the film the vital thing was that the audience should first be impressed by the amount of gold at stake before they became absorbed in the struggle that develops between Bond and Goldfinger. I therefore created a veritable mountain of gold. In terms of realism this was heresy—no building could have supported such a weight, piled vertically—but visually it was a great success."

Much the same principle has been applied to all his films. Take *Thunderball*. Ken Adam was asked to design a suitably sinister board room in which the directors of Spectre, the supreme supranational criminal conspiracy, might be expected to feel at ease. He thought of a bizarre decor: all black and white. Then he reflected that if he

were to present such a setting too abruptly, the audience would not find it credible.

He decided that he must first show them something commonplace to win their confidence. So he had constructed a typical Parisian street, complete with boutiques, cars parked bonnet to boot, all under the watchful eye of a policeman. It was against this background that the audience was introduced to Largo, Spectre's second-in-command and the man against whom Bond was pitting his wits. The camera tracked him down the street and into a typical modern business office, filled with bright, efficient secretaries and the clatter of typewriters, accounting machines and ticker tapes. The camera continued to record Largo's progress through this banal setting and into the bizarre board room, so that, during the sudden transformation from the familiar to the fantastic, the whole thing appeared credible.

"The strength of the James Bond films lies in a profusion of sensations and maintaining the suspense," Ken Adam asserts. "That is what the audience wants, by way of entertainment. But their novelty lies in the variety of gimmick-gadgets—which is where I make my contribution—that act as pacemakers for the plot. By gadgets, I don't mean just the Spectre board room or *Goldfinger's* electronically-controlled home. I mean the giant rockets that I designed for *You Only Live Twice* that quite literally swallow up space cabins and cosmonauts in mid-air and bring them back intact to a secret launching pad hidden in a volcanic crater."

Although the ideas for some of these gadgets are to be found within the pages of the Bond novels and short stories, creating and filming them presents a considerable technical problem.

"We either invent the gadgets or else we adapt them," Ken Adam explains. "And when I say 'we,' I mean the team of designers and technicians that I lead. In *Thunderball*, immediately after the celebrated Spectre conference, Fleming describes the electrocution of a gangster. I visualized the gangster, seated in his chair, suddenly disappearing through the floor and then the chair returning—empty. That was infinitely more effective."

In *Goldfinger*, Ian Fleming describes how James Bond drives to destruction a four-and-a-half-litre supercharged 1930 Bentley in pursuit of Goldfinger, who is at the wheel of a fuel-injected Mercedes-Benz 300 SL, twenty-five years the Bentley's junior and, at the time when the book was written, the fastest thing on the road. At the story conference the producers said: "A Bentley? Find us something more

exotic." Then someone recalled that Bond, while driving a standard Aston Martin DB2 from the British Secret Service stable because his Bentley was too conspicuous, had envisaged his ideal car for a secret agent, which would be equipped with several lethal and protective devices.

In the course of the conference everyone chipped in with a fresh idea, defensive or offensive: an oil reservoir to create a skid pan for pursuing vehicles, a canister to set up a smoke screen, a device to spread "crowsfeet" over the road and puncture the tires of a pursuer, a concealed armoured shield that could be raised at the rear, and an ejector seat, complete with roof panel, to evict any unwelcome passenger who might be holding a gun on the driver. Nor was the car to be a purely defensive weapon. It was to have steel bumpers, adjustable in height, and capable of acting as battering rams in the event of its being hemmed in; twin machine guns cunningly concealed behind the revolving headlamps; and even a bazooka. Finally, the number plates could be rotated from the driver's seat so that the car could assume a new identity; and it had a radar set that could home in on a "bugged" car a mile away.

The car chosen was the latest Aston Martin, a DB6. Not only did it appear in the film, but David Brown, chairman of Aston Martin-Lagonda Ltd., was so enthusiastic that he exhibited the car at motor shows throughout the world and received several inquiries from security-conscious potentates. "There is definitely a market for such a car," said a company spokesman after the 1965 British Motor Show. Whether or not it was put into limited production is a closely-guarded secret. But it remains a classic example of truth being stranger than fiction.

"In much the same spirit," says Ken Adam, expounding his theme, "we created 'Little Nelly' for *You Only Live Twice*. This is a helicopter which Bond carries in four valises. It can launch rockets, drop bombs, fire a machine gun or a flamethrower.

"The Bond stories are treasure troves of ideas. One day I took a friend to see the set of *Dr. No* and she said to me: 'That living room of Dr. No's lacks something—a work of art perhaps.' Some time before, Goya's portrait of the Duke of Wellington had been stolen from the National Gallery in London and had not yet been recovered. I painted a reproduction of it that same weekend and on Monday morning I had it on the set, ready for shooting. Fancy a Goya in a Bond film! I was very pleased with that gimmick."

To add piquancy to the situation the real portrait was

continued on page 86



A mini-helicopter whose parts can be fitted into four compact cases is Ken Adam's ingenious secret weapon for "You Only Live Twice."



Spectre's ace in the hole in "You Only Live Twice" is a rocket that literally swallows up in its jaws American and Russian capsules in space and brings them safely back to the launching pad in the volcanic crater. The prosaic helicopter in the foreground is the getaway vehicle used by the archvillain when his plot is foiled by Bond inside the crater.

Nothing could have been further from the African sculptor's mind than what a Christian, appreciatively wandering through a Negro art exhibition, tends to find in his work. For where the latter muses on its savage beauty and its impact on his own art, the African thought of his gods and his tribe. The tribal Africans are one of the most religious people the modern world has known. Their gods were all about them, as potentially alive in a seed as in the sound of the wind. Charged by the gods with a vital force, every element in their universe could either be worked to their advantage or turn to their doom. Thus minute precautions were taken to please and placate the gods: a hunter, for example, would pray forgiveness of the soul of the animal he had just killed. Whatever his function, a tribesman was convinced that his success—even his survival—depended on how scrupulously he practised his faith.

One of the keys to this lay in his ceremonial and household sculptures. To him, art was not a pleasing image of the world but the mirror and instrument of his religion. A large part of the sculptures that his village possessed had come into being with a specifically religious purpose. And supreme among these were the statues dedicated to the tribal ancestors.

Ancestors were revered as the strongest possible links between the tribe and its deities. On them—and on the tribe's two mythical founders in particular—lay the burden of the community's daily quest for protection and prosperity. To keep them close by and sympathetic to the tribe, statues were commissioned as dwelling places in which their spirits could take up residence. Here the artist—at times the tribal priest or the blacksmith, whose daily contact with fire endowed him with supernatural powers—became a religious servant of great stature. He was bound to make the statue both recognizable—by carving the exact, mythical emblems and designs—and attractive to the ancestor's elusive spirit.

When all was ready the priest invoked the ancestor with secret chants to descend into the statue. Only he, known in tribal language as "god's wife," since he prepared all the ceremonies, could undertake this rite. If he succeeded all those present automatically shared the ancestor's prodigious power: his nearness to the all-seeing gods.

To maintain this advantageous relation with its ancestor—whose protection could extend

over the whole community—the tribe went to great lengths to demonstrate their undiminished adulation. On feast days the

statue was strung with pearls and anointed with *tukula*, a red powder mixed with fat which, in addition to its symbolic importance, protected the carving from termites. It was also regaled with frenzied dancing, offerings from the hunt and sacrificial victims (at one time human beings, then animals) whose blood, spilt on to the wood, was destined to be licked off by the ancestral soul. A final incantation—"Leave us in peace; may our harvests be blessed; may your happiness then enter

us; your sacrifices have been done"—left the tribe reassured that the spirits were now working fully in their favour.

By helping to bring the dead within reach of the living, the artist fulfilled a vital tribal rite, and he approached his task accordingly. After the traditional purification he left his village for the bush. Only there could he find the conditions for an act so inspired that his tribe's whole future might be swayed one way or the other by it.

But the artist's religious usefulness by no means stopped at statues. Complementary to them and almost as essential were the masks he carved. Masks gave the tribesman another means of calling on the gods; and this he did when he felt that his own resources could no longer combat the powers of evil around him. Such powers abounded. They might be the malicious eaters of souls that mewled in the night or the one-legged, one-armed creatures with green hair that hid in the trees and spread sickness. To draw the good spirits near, a full-scale ceremony, hot with bright costumes and sacrificial blood, would begin. As the night-long drum rhythms reached out in frenzy, the mask-wearers felt themselves metamorphosed by the spirits they had invoked. Thus the gods' will and the exorcism rites to be held spoke through the ecstatic dancers in a violent and secret language. By morning, all evil would again have been driven from the village doors.

For all their magic power, these gods no longer fill out the Africans' pantheon in the same exclusive way. Islam, Christianity, and the new political and economic changes have now reoriented the continent's life. In moving to the city in vast numbers, the Africans have been obliged to leave their traditional gods behind. And even where they persist, ancestral statues and ceremonial masks will now be in strict competition with Mecca and modernization.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE DARK GODS

BY MICHAEL PEPPIATT

Those are cowrie shells that were the eyes of this female ancestor. Held in the hand and shaken during celebration dances in Mali, this effigy has the magic power of protecting the family of which it is the symbolic forebear. ➤



Serenely majestic, this slender statue from the Congo was made to house the spirit of a tribal ancestor. It is scored with special emblems to make it identifiable to the spirit. Once inhabited, it became the focus of native worship.



For current prices
of African art,
see *Art Market Trends*.

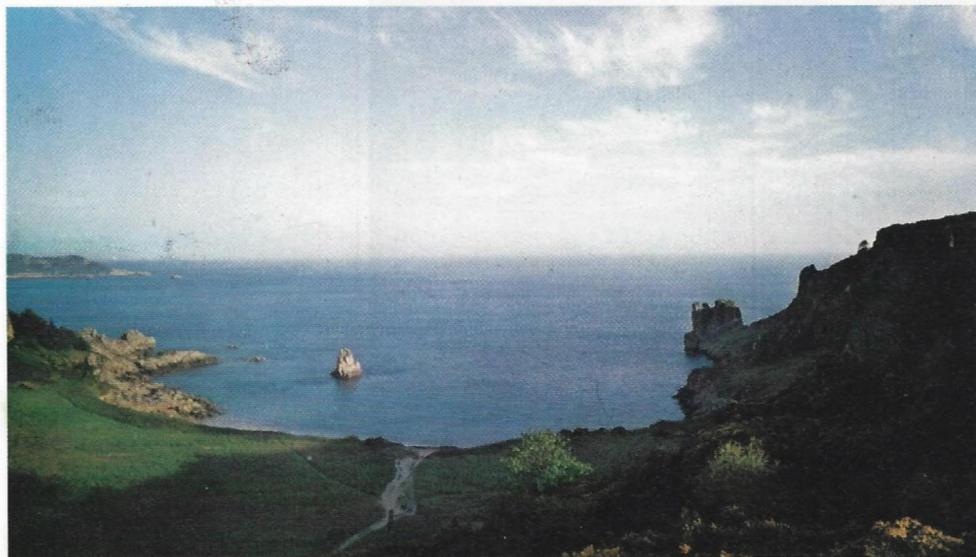
Photos by André Held



Donned for ritual dances, this cunningly carved mask invested its wearer with the power of the antelope it represents. A product of Upper Volta, the mask facilitated contact between its wearer and the spirit that he was invoking. **END**

Warmed by the Gulf Stream, the gentle Channel Island of Jersey, once French, is now Britain's dairy farm and market garden, and the inhabitants boast that they have always lived tax-free.

Jersey: an island of cream and money



Verdant beauty of Beauport Bay, framed by granite promontories, lies only a few miles from Saint-Helier, Jersey's capital on the island's southern shore.

France won Calais back from England but Jersey, one of the Channel Islands, remained English territory. By all the rules of geography and logic the island ought to be French. But Jersey defies geography and military bargains; it is neither English nor French; it is Norman—and, with the passing of time, has managed to remain more Norman than Normandy itself. Indeed, the French call Jersey and her sister islands the "Anglo-Norman" Islands. Reporter Alain Hervé talked to Philippe Josué Romeril, a senator of the Bailiwick of Jersey and Vice-President of the Assembly of Jerseymen, which is dedicated to keeping the Norman language alive. He told him about Jersey's ancient civilization, which is so closely tied to the countryside that gave birth to it.

"We don't belong to England. England belongs to us," he said. "When the monarchs of England come here they do so as the Duke and Duchess of Normandy. It's fair to say that we were

subjects of the Crown before the English, because we have been part of the Duchy of Normandy since 933, and William the Conqueror (who was Norman) didn't become King of England until 1066.

"Everything about this place is Norman—even our names. My own, Philippe Josué Romeril, is to be found in Normandy and Brittany. My family has lived in the parish of Saint-Jean, in the north of the island, for at least 300 years. I was born on the family farm and my son took it over three years ago. There are three dates carved on the lintel above the door at the Petit Catelet as we call it: 1753, 1808, 1829—three generations of my family. All the houses in the parish have French names. There's Clos de la Rocque, La Conchière, La Hougue, Mont Cochon and Le Clos Morel.

"In 1929 I went to the United States to sell cows—our little Jersey cows. It was the time of the Wall Street crisis, and I got a very good idea of the differences between the American

way of life and our own. We are a little island, and our people are completely integrated. Life here is calm, uniquely so, I suppose. It's often said that we are like the Swiss. It's probably true—like them, we're an agricultural people and we go to great trouble to stop our countryside being spoilt.

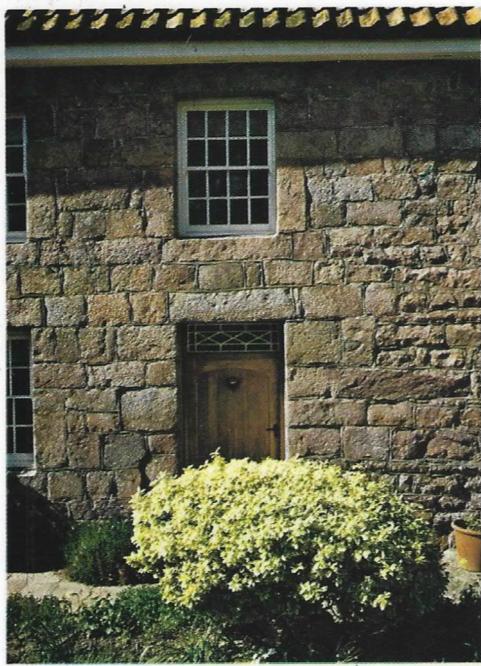
"But the Swiss system of government is based on towns. We are organized on the parish system, and the services we give the state are voluntary. When I was young I used to be the 'centenier' of my parish and I was responsible for the upkeep of the roads. There is also a 'vingtenier' in every parish who is in charge of property taxes. In the old days these titles corresponded to the number of a man's responsibilities. Nowadays, of course, the number has grown but the old names have been preserved. Every three years we elect the parish constables or mayors who are chiefs of police. Our deputies are elected according to the number of inhabitants in a district.

"At the moment the Bailiff is M. de Mazurien. He is President of the Assembly of States, which consists of twelve senators (of which I am one), twelve constables and twenty-eight deputies. The Queen's Procurator sits in the Assembly and may speak but not vote. We sit every Tuesday, and the laws we pass are sent to Whitehall to be ratified by the Queen in Council.

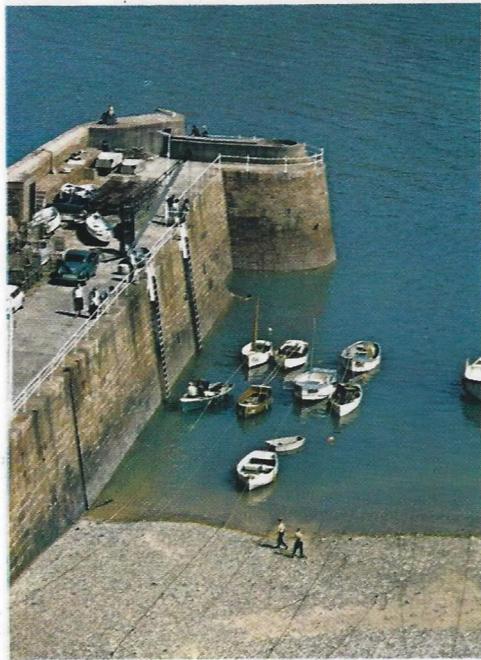
"We have no gangsters and no political parties. Everyone is independent and responsible, and that's something you're not likely to find in any other country in the world. We even have our own Prince to appeal to. Many years ago my father had a disagreement with a neighbour over a building project, so he went and got a witness, then threw himself on his knees and cried: 'Haro, Haro, Haro, help me, my Prince, I am being wronged.' Immediately, the other man had to stop building until the disagreement

Attracted by the easy pace, unspoilt natural beauty and healthy climate, a large number of former career officers in Britain's colonial armies have chosen to retire to Jersey, where they have settled in brightly-decorated cottages like the one opposite.





This Jersey house has sash windows, an Anglo-Saxon touch not seen in France.



"Everything's small on our island, even the ports; and that's the way we like it."

was settled. This 'clameur de Haro' is an old Norman custom that was instituted in 911, and it still has the force of law in Jersey, although it has disappeared in Normandy. Not so long ago our lawyers had to complete their studies of Norman rights at Caen, but now they go first to England and then finish their training in Jersey itself.

"In the States building we keep a block of gold which is brought out when we are sitting. Surmounting it are the English lion, the French fleur-de-lis, the Scottish thistle and the Irish harp. King Charles I gave it to us in 1662 'as a mark of his loyal affection.' But we are still Normans

VISITING JERSEY HOW TO GET THERE, WHERE TO STAY, WHAT TO DO

By air. Several airlines operate direct flights between New York and London: BOAC, Pan Am, TWA, Air-India, Alitalia, El Al, Qantas. Price of round trip first class: \$712.50; economy class: \$399.

By sea. From New York the following lines go to London: Cunard, French Line, Holland-America, North German Lloyd, US Lines.

London to Jersey

By rail and sea. From Waterloo Station, travellers may take British Railways to Weymouth and a connecting steamer to Jersey.

Reservations. For berths, seats or cabins, reservations may be made at British Rail Ltd., Continental Ticket and Information Office, Victoria Station, London S.W. 1. Early application is recommended, and the opening dates for reservations for journeys during the summer are: January 2 (for journeys in May, June, July); January 16 (for journeys in August and September). This line operates daily during the summer months (April-October) and twice a week during the winter months (October-April). Fare: round trip first class: £10 15s or \$31.50. Reduced fares for groups of ten or more.

The same rail service is offered from South Wales, Bristol and Birmingham to Weymouth both summer and winter.

Luxury first-class steamers (fitted with stabilizers, deluxe suites for one or two with bath, and adequate undercover seating on deck in case of bad weather) also operate. Catering service on board offers full meals or light snacks.

Daily excursions

Especially for the "Battle of Flowers" in August. Thirty-eight-hour trip, leaving London at night, returning the following night.

By air. The journey time between London Airport and Jersey is about one hour; year-round services are maintained by BEA, Jersey Airlines and Cambrian Airways.

BEA round-trip fare (economy class only): £12 2s or \$34.20 (summer) and £10 12s or \$29.40 (winter).

Further information concerning Jersey can be obtained from the Tourist Official Information Centre, Jersey, Channel Islands, or from the Tourist Information Centres of the British Travel Association in New York,

Chicago, Los Angeles and London.

HOW TO SEE THE ISLAND

Jersey, the largest of the Channel Islands, is approximately twelve miles long by seven miles at its greatest width, and is the southernmost of the group of islands.

Saint-Helier, the capital of Jersey and the only large town, is situated on the south coast of the island backed by hills. This gay and prosperous town is Continental in appearance and atmosphere, and in the many fine hotels and guest houses the heritage of good cooking and excellent accommodation has been preserved. Several villages along the southern coast of the island offer pleasant tourist accommodation. Saint-Aubin, charmingly situated, is sought after by those who want peace and quiet rather than a busy holiday centre. Jersey is well served by public motor transport, and its many beauty spots are easily accessible. Buses run to all parts of the island, and on or near their route are interesting tourist attractions. Cars may be rented from numerous local garages at moderate daily or weekly rates.

CLIMATE

The climate of the Channel Islands, Jersey included, is mild. February is the coldest month, with a mean temperature of 61° F.

HOTELS

Saint-Helier

- Grand Hotel, on the esplanade, 138 rooms, eighty-nine with private bath. Revere, Kensington Place, forty rooms, twenty-five with bath.

Saint-Aubin

- The Courthouse Hotel, nine rooms, two with private bath. Beyond Saint-Aubin, Belgrave Bay is reached down a narrow lane, then by footpath. Secluded and overhung with trees, the beach is mainly shingle, but has good bathing at high tide. Across steep, bracken-covered Noirmont Point is Portelet Bay, sunny and rather southern in appearance, with red rocks, the occasional palm tree and rock-islet in the centre of the deep-cut bay. This bay is popular but little developed, is backed by rocks and wooded hills, and approached by cliff steps.

Portelet Bay

- Penguin Hotel. Fine, modernized hotel in a superb position on cliffs above the sea. Sun terrace, rooms with sun balconies; cocktail bar, weekly dancing. Open March 4 until end of October. Twenty-two rooms, half with private bath. Weekly rates, 14 to 20 gns. or \$41.15 to \$52.92.
- Portelet Hotel. Luxury hotel with

heated swimming pool overlooking the bay and splendid views. Newly constructed; opens next month.

Saint-Brelade's Bay

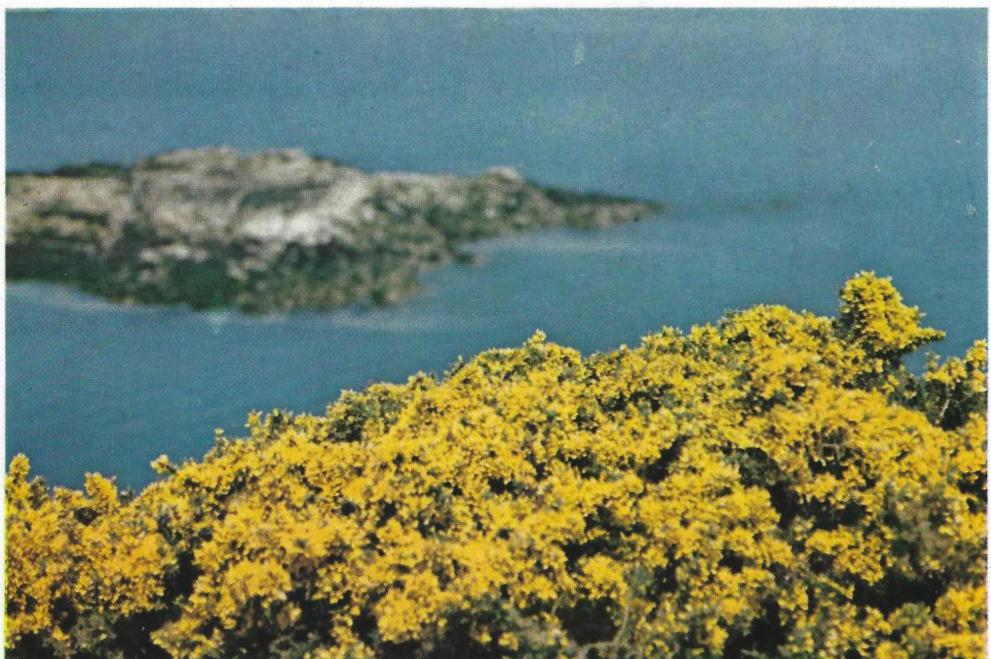
Fine two-mile sweep of smooth sand, and one of the best and most popular Jersey beaches. The eastern end of the bay, as far as the rocky point which divides it in two, called Ouaisne Bay, is the least crowded. Saint-Brelade, the village-resort at the western end of the bay, has bright, modern villas and hotels set among pine trees on the slope above the beach. Bathing (lifeguards on duty), boating, water skiing, tennis, and so on. Visit Saint-Brelade's oldest church, believed to have been built in 1111; next door is the tiny sixth-century Fisherman's Chapel.

● Hôtel l'Horizon. In the centre of the bay, good class hotel with lawns and gardens facing over the sands (no road between). Elegant, spacious main rooms, cocktail bar and restaurant with music and dancing. Open all year round. Ninety rooms, most with bath and balcony; some private sitting rooms. Weekly terms, 22 to 23 gns. or \$64.60 to \$65.74, according to room and season.

● Saint-Brelade's Bay Hotel. First-class, modern hotel in grounds; swimming pool in semi-tropical gardens backed by pine-covered slopes, facing south over the sands. Sun lounge, pool, cocktail bar, good main rooms; children's paddling pool; nine-hole golf course. Nearby are facilities for golf, horseback riding, surfing and water skiing. Hotel bus. Open March to October. Ninety rooms, many with private bath. Full board from 4 gns. or \$11.70; bed and breakfast from £2 10s or \$7.

● Château Valeuse Hotel. Excellent site above the main road, facing south over the bay. Bright, attractive contemporary style; good bar, pleasant, intimate dining room. Gardens and trees around; rooms have balconies. Open all year. Twenty-eight rooms, some with bath. Weekly: 14 to 24 gns. or \$41.16 to \$70.56. Over the hill from Les Creux and within easy reach of Saint-Brelade is delightful Beauport Bay. It can be approached by car along a track to the clifftop, then on foot, down through bracken to the rock-surrounded red and gold sand beach. The southwest corner of the island ends at Corbière Point, in bare, windswept country, a rugged shore and splendid pink and blue granite rocks, at the tip of which stands Corbière Lighthouse. Here are quiet little rocky bays, such as Petit Port.

END



Warmed by the Gulf Stream, Jersey has a relatively mild climate all year long, and on an early day in the spring the seacoast is bursting with blossoms of gorse.



On a clear day you can see France from Mont Orgueil, begun by the Dukes of Normandy in the 10th century and finished by the Kings of England in the 16th.

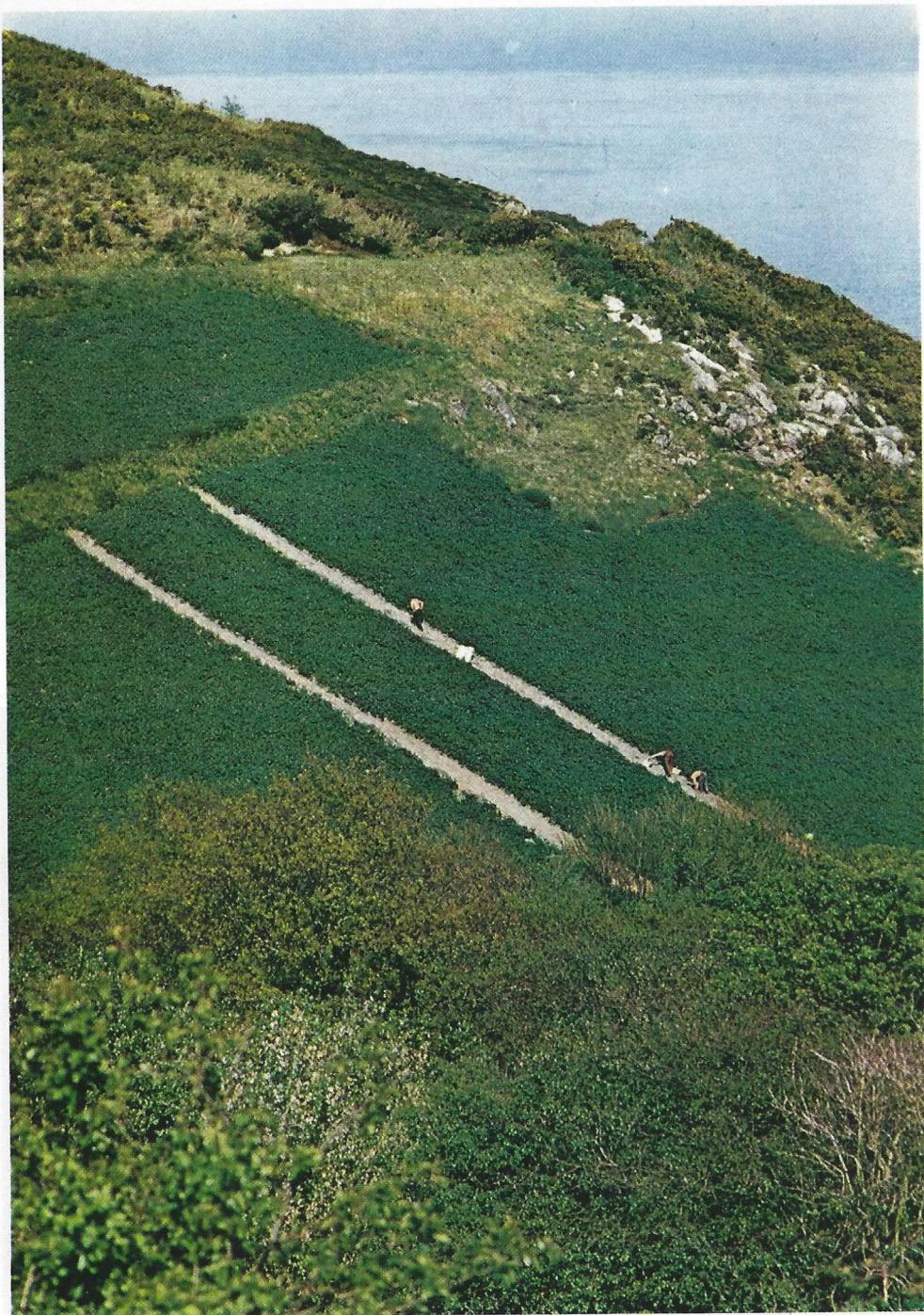
at heart. I find it easier to understand the Normans at Lessay, where I go for the fair every year, than the French or English, even though I speak both.

"Victor Hugo understood the importance of our language. He said: 'Oh, you people; brave Normans of the Channel Islands, remember that your patois is venerable and sacred. The beautiful French language grew up from it like a flower from a bulb.'

"All the signboards in the town have Norman names: Le Marquand, Gruchy, Le Boutiller, Le Sueur, Le Quesne, Le Maistre, Duval. My fields are just like the fields on the Cotentin peninsula across the water. It's the

same grass, the same hedgerows, the same lanes. Jersey was attached to the mainland in the old days before the great flood of about 700. In those days the great forest of Scissy covered everything. Even after the flood, the channel was so narrow that at low tide you could throw a plank across for the cattle to walk over. It's still called the 'Cattle Crossing' today, although now it takes nearly an hour to cross by boat, or ten minutes by plane from Cherbourg airport.

"The interesting thing is that, in spite of all the similarities between Normandy and Jersey, our cattle here are quite different from Norman cattle.



Crops grow thick and fast as weeds on Jersey, which is a big supplier of fresh vegetables and flowers to Britain. Nearly every arable acre is under cultivation.

Norman cows are large and spotted and they eat a lot; our cows are small and eat practically nothing, but they produce more cream than any other breed in the world. I have to admit that their meat is worthless, though. I don't know where they come from. Perhaps they are descendants of the little Breton cows, but wherever they come from they are absolutely made for living on an island. Foreigners are always astonished to see us putting coats on our cows. It isn't to protect them from the cold—it's never cold here, as you can see from all the palm

trees. We thought up the idea to give the cows sleeker skins—the Americans, who are the main importers of the breed, like them better that way.

"I could never imagine living anywhere else. First of all, I suppose, it's because Jersey is an island. And you're aware of this all the time, even when you can't see the sea because of the curves of the landscape. When you take Paper Mill Road towards the beach at Lecq you suddenly realize this valley is on an island.

"Living on an island means that the little things are preserved. Our history

won't just fade into the forgotten past. Even the Napoleonic menace is still very present in our minds. You can't go two miles on the island without seeing one of the Martello towers that were built as defences against French invaders. The Germans refortified some of these towers during the last war, when they occupied the islands, and you can see them at places like Grosnez and Noirmont.

"Another part of our heritage (if I can call it that) is the fact that we have never paid taxes, and we still don't pay any. This has considerably encouraged tourism, of course. The only thing that could change this happy state of affairs would be England's entry into the Common Market, so we're not overly eager for that.

"Our little island combines all the charms of a continent. In the north, the coastline is sharp, with tall cliffs plunging down to the sea and carving out little white sandy bays—bays like Bouley Bay and Lance Beach and Bonne Nuit Bay, which got its name because William the Conqueror is said to have sailed from there one night.

"To the west of the island there is the bay of Saint-Ouen, which is an immense flat beach, stretching way out at low tide. You can go surfing there at high tide on the great swell coming in from the Atlantic seaboard. The south side is our most jagged coast and we call it our Côte d'Azur because of all the tropical plants that grow there. I know no more beautiful sight than those beaches of pink sand surrounded by the pink granite rocks. Saint-Helier, the capital of Jersey, is on this coast, too. It's a town of 25,000 inhabitants and the most English part of the island, with its policemen, double-decker buses and pubs.

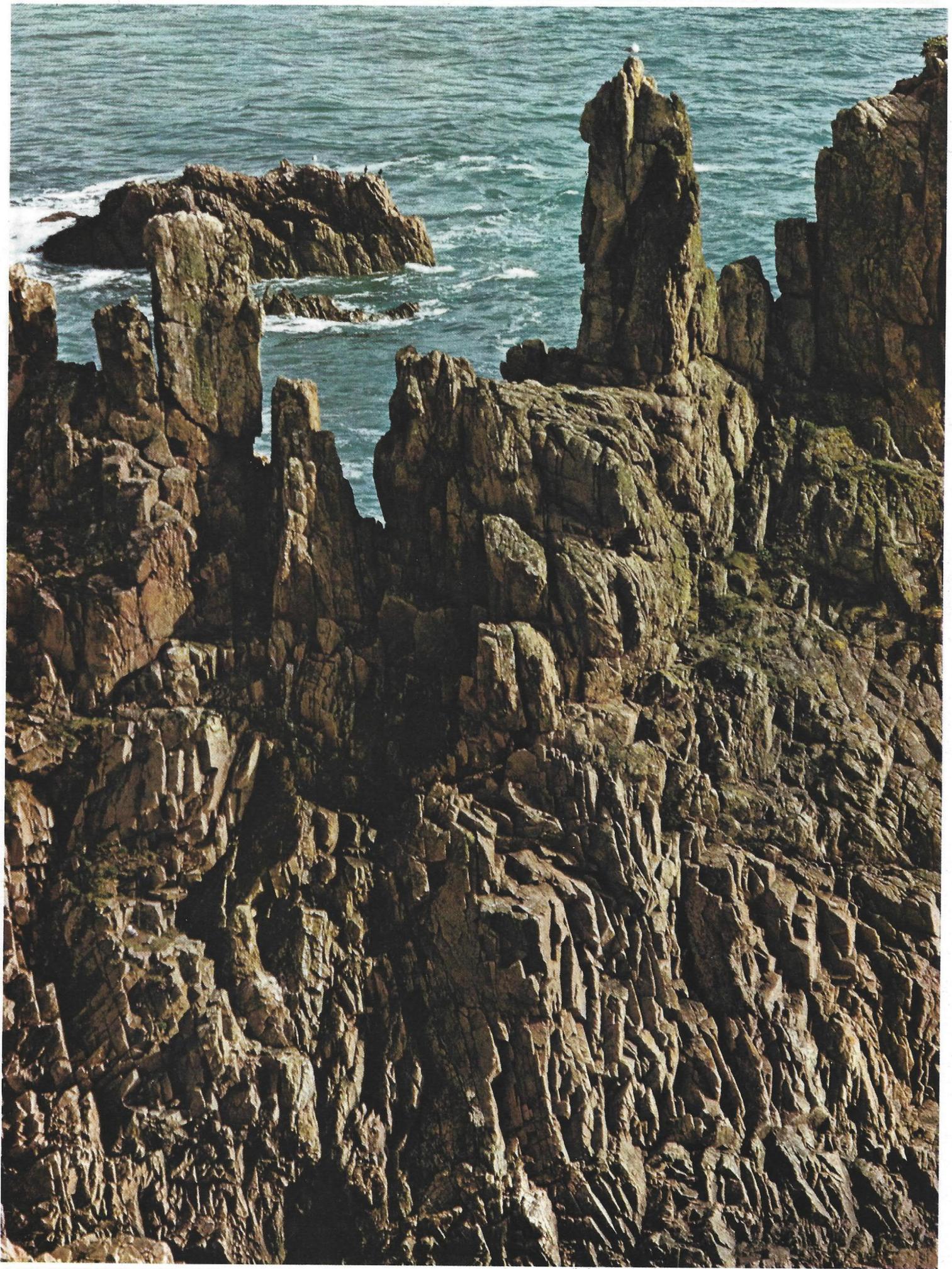
"The east coast is dominated by the castle of Gorey Mont Orgueil, the oldest fortress on the island. Like the Martello towers it was built to help defend us from the French.

"It is easy to do a tour of the island. But don't forget, the speed limit is 40 miles an hour—not that anyone would think of hurrying here. After all, we are descended from peasants, and they have never believed in hurrying.

"You may think it strange that we should be satisfied with our lot in a world which is so full of change. I know of no one who wants to emigrate—some people did go off and found New Jersey some time ago, of course, but I don't know how they got on. We are quite happy to stay here on our little island. I think we must be even more insular than the English."

END

A craggy landscape on the south coast, the granite rocks that jut out of La Moyse Point look far less formidable in the sunlight than when they're lashed by the gales of a sou'wester. If you're up to climbing around the rocks, this point is good for fishing.



A roundup, by a leading gerontologist, of the latest findings on the factors governing the way we age. ** As told to Claude Edelmann.

OLD AGE BEGINS AT TWENTY. WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT?

Why is it that certain arteries are affected as early as the age of twenty? Why do the first signs of farsightedness develop in childhood? Why does metabolism diminish immediately after puberty? Nowadays gerontology is no longer a speciality that concerns old people exclusively, though the most pressing problems at hand relate to the old. Why is it, for example, that certain people, when reaching retirement age, suddenly grow old? And, practically speaking, how can society be reorganized so as to brake senescence? These are problems that concern psychologists, sociologists and anthropologists. The recently founded National Foundation for Gerontology, the first research organization in France devoted to the problems of ageing and care for the aged, will accordingly be at the crossroads of the biological and human sciences. In a talk with Claude Edelmann, Professor François Bourlière, who is the director, here discusses these problems.

"Our conception of senescence has changed completely in recent years," he told us. "Some people still imagine that we shall soon be able to 'cure' old age as though it were

some type of disease. They think that by conquering degenerative diseases such as atherosclerosis and arthritis doctors will one day be able to conquer old age itself. They want to treat each organ separately, one at a time, whereas it is the entire organism that grows old. It is a fact that all living creatures without exception are subject to senescence.

"Until not so very long ago it was thought that some cells were eternal. Ever since biologist Alexis Carrel, tissue cultures were credited with the theoretical capacity of perpetuating themselves indefinitely. But this is an error. Time acts on all living matter. Colonies of protozoa invariably degenerate, more or less rapidly. Giant sequoias are far from being entirely alive; the centre of these trees, which is the oldest part, is just as dead as we should be if we were 2,000 years old.

"Length of life span characterizes each species. In mammals and birds, for example, the smaller the animal, the shorter its life. The ratio of body surface to body weight increases as the animal's size diminishes, and it must exert that much more energy to maintain constant body temperature. The

shrew-mouse, for example, eats two to three times its weight in food every day in order to maintain a constant body temperature. It 'carburets' so rapidly that it lives hardly more than a year. A bat, on the other hand, that hibernates four months out of twelve, can live for twenty years. This shows a correlation between life span and the rate of metabolism.

"It is well known that since 1800, life expectancy has increased from thirty-five to sixty-five years for men, and from thirty-eight to seventy-one for women. In other words, medicine has practically doubled the life span. This is a statistical fact, due to the considerable reduction in infant mortality. But this does not mean that we live longer now than a century ago; at best, more people today live to be seventy or eighty.

"As for the life expectancy of a man of fifty, it was about eighteen more years in 1800 and it is now twenty-two years. Despite the great strides made in medicine, the increase is not great—four years for men and barely eight for women.

"It is said that some Bulgarian and Russian centenarians lived to the age of 140 to 150. But recent statistics published in the USSR qualify these

Methuselahs as centenarians of indeterminate age; there were no official birth records in these countries a century ago, and in those cases where dates of birth are known precisely, the extreme limit of human life has been in the neighbourhood of 110 years.

"Biologists have long been searching for a single factor of ageing in the hope of eventually controlling it. At the turn of the century the physiologist Brown-Séquard tried to relate senescence to atrophy of the sexual glands and recommended injection of testicular extract. Later on there were Voronov and Bogomolets with his famous serum. More recently Romanian physicians proposed Novocain. All these theories were evanescent. Nowadays the majority of researchers have abandoned the hypothesis of a single factor of ageing. We grow old at all levels: organs, tissues, cells and even large molecules.

"One of the most provocative subjects of study in gerontology is 'molecular ageing.' Our 'wrapping' tissue—the connective tissue of tendons, scars, and so forth—ages at the level of large molecules. For example, Professor Verzár of Basel has shown that new chemical linkages gradually take place in the collagen molecules, rendering them more rigid. This occurs in about the same way as in rubber, which hardens by spontaneous polymerization.

"All large molecules are probably affected in this way, even the nucleic acids. Some scientists believe the ribonucleic acids, which act as 'messengers,' have limited capacity for duplication. In any case it appears that in the chromosomes of all cells age definitely increases the alteration in desoxyribonucleic acid (DNA).

"A number of biologists are

of the opinion that large molecules are altered predominantly by external factors, such as natural radioactivity or cosmic rays. According to others, it is an internal phenomenon, predictable from the laws of thermodynamics, since any system left to itself tends to evolve in the direction of greater disorganization; this is known as increased entropy, which means diminished capacity for spontaneous change and to perform work. The future will decide which of these divergent theories is the more accurate.

"Be that as it may, any tissue made up of cells incapable of

"Most of the body's organs begin to show the first signs of senescence as soon as growth is complete, a little after the age of twenty"

dividing undergoes irreversible changes. This is why we become farsighted, for example; the accommodative power of the crystalline lens, at its maximum at the age of seven, decreases progressively until age fifty, when it has only one diopter of refractive power.

"Cells that do not regenerate are irreparable when they become deteriorated. The biologist A. Brody has shown that the number of brain cells diminishes gradually after early childhood. We lose as many neurons between the ages of three and twenty as we do from twenty-five to seventy. This may explain the progressive

loss of certain mental aptitudes after the age of thirty.

"As for cells that reproduce (kidney, liver and skin, for example), they are subject to two kinds of degeneration: 1) they may proliferate in unbridled fashion, and this is cancer; or 2) they lose their reproductive power, and this is involution of the tissue.

"American scientists have shown that lung cells cannot reproduce more than about fifty times in culture, after which they degenerate. Tiny errors accumulate over successive divisions and these seem to prevent synthesis of the proteins indispensable to life.

"In any case, one fact is certain: most of our organs begin to show signs of senescence as soon as growth is complete, a little after the age of twenty. In this way muscular force, secretion of the male hormone, respiratory ventilation, and memory begin to decrease in the third decade of life. On the other hand, some hormones, including those of the adrenal cortex, are secreted at a constant rate throughout our existence.

"Because they stress these facts, gerontologists doubtless give the impression of being pessimists or fatalists. But this is not true. We have merely passed beyond the romantic stage of Brown-Séquard. We know that everyone must grow old, but we also know that some people age more slowly and better than others. This is what we call differential ageing, and it is of capital importance to discover the factors that delay or accelerate senescence.

"Thus, a Japanese, a Berber and a Frenchman do not age in the same way or at the same rate. Similarly, a farmer bears up under the weight of his years differently from a factory worker or a company president.

"It is accordingly of prime importance to measure the 'biologic age' of the people we study. We are in the process of setting up tests to evaluate individual performance. We select tests that best reflect the effects of age and that are the easiest to apply. When our analysis is complete our results will be compared with the 'average time schedule' or ageing in the population as a whole. This will be the biological age.

"These 'norms of ageing' have been of particular interest to our research team in the past few years. The National Foundation for Gerontology plans to enlarge this study considerably, and we may be able to find out eventually why an individual or a race is younger than another.

"In a general way, we observe that the effect of ageing is to diminish our capacity for adaptation. This is true both on the physical and the intellectual plane; the older we are, the more difficult it is for us to adapt to a new situation. Adaptation becomes more tiring, even more traumatic. If we are to maintain good health, our work must always be adapted to our biologic capacity. Our studies, as well as those of our colleagues in other countries, show that the use we make of our aptitudes throughout life influences their rate of decline. Our memory or our heart will be more resistant in proportion to the amount we exercise our brain or our muscles from the age of ten to sixty.

"Heredity assuredly plays a part: for example, we know that the descendants of old people live longer than others. But the role of environment also has great importance. Here we must make certain distinctions. It is traditional to seek the golden rule of longevity in

good diet and hygiene—no drinking, no smoking, and so forth. Diets too rich in fat have also been blamed for shortening life. Abuse of fat is certainly not without danger, especially for sedentary people or those who tend to become obese; all insurance companies take this into account. But nutrition is not the only thing to consider. Diet must always be adapted to activity, and the daily 'energy budget' must be balanced. Thus the Masai, the superb nomads of Kenya, habitually drink three quarts of milk or more every day, supplying nearly seven ounces of fat, and eat four to

"Our memory or our heart will be more resistant in proportion to the amount we exercise brain or muscles from age ten to sixty"

eleven pounds of meat without any vegetables. On such a diet a sedentary man would soon be ill. But with the Masai, who are very active, this diet has no effect on body weight, cholesterol level, blood pressure or the coronary arteries, and their old men are magnificent, tall and thin.

"Our way of life is accordingly of much more importance than what we eat. Life expectancy is now about seventy-three years in the professions, about sixty-nine in clerical work, sixty-six in business, sixty-four in the crafts, sixty-one in manual labour and fifty-nine in underground mining.

There are accordingly occupations that are much more 'wearing' than others. Factory workers are exposed to pollution, intoxication, noise or other trauma of industrial specialization. Such people, in addition to unfavourable working conditions and long hours, often have to contend with job insecurity and the burden of a large family as well.

"Those in higher positions undergo other types of stress, especially nervous fatigue and emotional tension. All these life situations can touch off the well-known 'disease of civilization'—from poisoning and fatigue in workmen to over-work in the managerial classes—which accelerate ageing.

"According to a pilot study carried out on 116 teachers in the Paris area, physical force decreases more rapidly than in the population at large, but on the other hand they retain their memory much better in old age. Intellectual occupations preserve the memory of youth but accelerate muscular ageing. In order to avoid losing in one way what we gain in another, we should maintain both physical and mental standards at the same time, which must be done while we are still young enough. We should prepare for old age between the ages of twenty and forty and not at the age of retirement!

"We must also not lose sight of domestic and occupational problems. Psychosomatic medicine has made many discoveries in this area, and the Foundation for Gerontology plans to devote special attention to the factors that determine the capacity for adaptation in various types of people, depending on their heredity, their education and their various problems.

"It is astonishing to what extent retirement, or even its

mere approach, can affect the ageing of an individual. One's occupation is a source of power, importance and outside contacts. At retirement one is handicapped not only by a drop in revenue and by boredom, but also by the sudden loss of prestige, the abrupt loss of motivation, the precipitous fall into a vacuum. The man in retirement realizes all at once that his life is behind him, that he no longer has a role to fill and sometimes that society rejects him. Serious psychosomatic disorders and old age syndromes may develop.

"Professional men age better than others, not because they have been under less stress but because lawyers, physicians, scientists and politicians are less likely to retire; they maintain contact with the outside world as long as they live. The secret of men like Churchill, Adenauer or Einstein is to be found in their open minds and their lively curiosity rather than in their habits of smoking cigars or abstaining from them.

"It is true that present-day conditions are hardly conducive to developing activities outside of one's profession. A television set does not provide real contact with the outside world. Barely 10 per cent of Frenchmen are interested in something other than their work. What will become of the others when they go into retirement? It is imperative to teach adolescents and adults how to occupy their leisure time, not only for the present but for the future.

"Moreover, contemporary society devalues the aged. Economically demobilized, they are no longer producers and are not effective consumers. As their capacity for adaptation falls off, they come into conflict with the younger generation. Society rejects those who fail to adapt, whether they are weak,

psychotic or merely old. This is why old peoples' homes are like psychiatric institutions; they are places of exile, ghettos, anterooms to the cemetery.

"Old men formerly enjoyed prestige because it was a rare accomplishment to have grown old. Today one out of 8.5 Frenchmen is over sixty-five, and there are nearly 6,000,000 of them; 2,000,000 are over seventy-five. This is a deplorable situation because we have no idea what to do with 6,000,000 unproductive individuals. These people yearn to grow old well and to be considered sages but they find that they are simply

"We should prepare for old age between the ages of twenty and forty, not at retirement, whose approach can affect ageing"

spoiling younger people's fun. It is true that there are still a few sailors, mountain guides and farmers who make splendid old men, but it is apparent they are the relics of a bygone age.

"Industrial society condemns the aged to isolation. It reduces their income and either disperses the rest of the family, who move out of town to find a better job, or else restricts 'home' to the couple, who exclude their elders. The traditional family of three generations is becoming a rarity. And isolation is the greatest foe of the aged.

"This problem is one that is to be studied by the National

Foundation for Gerontology. We must find out what is to be the place of elderly people in the society of tomorrow. There is no universal remedy. A healthy retired person, who may be from sixty to seventy-five years old, should be able to keep his residence, his friends and his former way of life. Widowers often have other problems. Retirement villages and old folks' homes have their advocates. In my opinion these are not ideal solutions, because it is difficult to guarantee the necessary service and care in a country setting.

"Regarding the very old—those who are over seventy-five and crippled or victims of mental disorder—they now occupy more than half of the available hospital beds, to the detriment of public funds and younger patients. We must create for them suitable geriatric institutions with competent personnel.

"Society is sadly lacking in facilities for helping an individual during his adolescence and for taking leave of him at the end of his life. Public funds should also organize institutions for rehabilitation and nursing homes. An old man who suffers a stroke or a fracture is all too often condemned to be bedridden over a period of years. Many old people have an enormous capacity for recuperation, provided they are given a chance. To keep them from becoming 'incurable' is our duty and is also a paying proposition for the economy.

"Gerontology has progressed far beyond the dreams of the turn of the century. It no longer seeks to stop the advance of time but to moderate the rate of ageing. Its aim is to create conditions of life that will maintain the maximum of people in the best possible physical and mental state for as many years as they live."

END

Rising in prominence as abstract art declines, Blake's painting shows how inner visions can be turned into lastingly figurative form. His example has been lost neither on contemporary painters nor on the market (see our Art Market Trends). * * * * * By Souren Melikian.

WILLIAM BLAKE

singer of fearful symmetry

William Blake's engravings and water-colours are not easy to define. With his elongated angels melting into space and green-eyed stallions hurtling through the air over recumbent bodies, Blake's own title—visionary art—seems best to fit. Indeed, he claimed merely to transcribe visions, to put down and describe what he saw, visions which, as one of the great poets of his century, he also described as forcibly in words.

Blake's surrealist figures and his quite intentional upsetting of the accepted norms of composition caused a sort of shocked surprise. For an upheaval of these proportions, it needed a quite exceptional person who had escaped the usual grind of an academic training, who was both 100 per cent a revolutionary and a man thoroughly versed in mystical thought.

Blake was this unlikely person. His background enabled him to escape to a certain extent from the conventions of his time. His family was modest, and so he was spared a formal education. Being self-taught, he never had much idea of what was fashionable in the upper and middle classes. While still an adolescent he immersed himself in the Bible and later came to love Shakespeare, Milton and Dante. In philosophy he read Swedenborg. He came to art at the age of ten, when his love of drawing took him to an

engraver's studio, and from then on the undisputed masters for him were Dürer, Michelangelo and Raphael, at a time when Rubens and Ruysdael were England's favourite painters.

He was twenty when at last he entered the Academy and heard the principles of "good" art expounded, but by then it was too late; he was already set in his tastes. When a teacher told him he should prefer Rubens to the "rough" Michelangelo, his reaction was one of cold and lasting contempt—that of a man who would never make compromises. Reynolds fared little better when he advised Blake to curb his imagination and work in a simpler way. By the time he was twenty-two Blake was all set to go—in the diametrically opposite direction to everything his contemporaries admired.

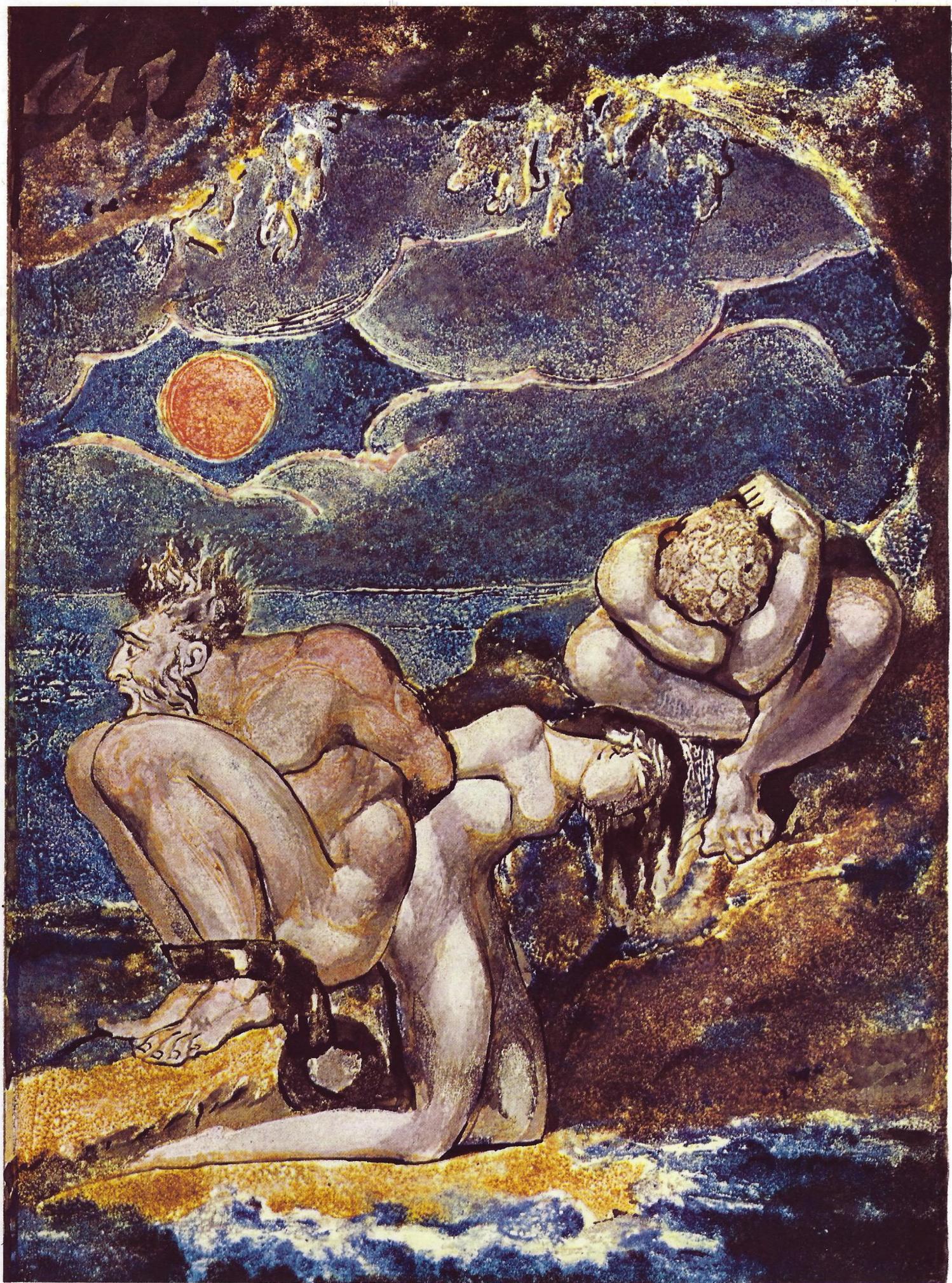
His highly individualistic way of looking at things forced him to adapt and alter every idea and every image he had ever come by, even though his sources had been pretty unorthodox in themselves. He interwove Biblical themes with themes from recent history in his poetry, and this served as basis for his pictorial work. He believed passionately in God and felt very deeply the symbolism of Bible stories, but nevertheless reinterpreted everything he read. Dante was his favourite author and yet when he was doing illustrations for the *Inferno*, he could not refrain

from furiously scribbling underneath criticisms of Dante's ideas on salvation. He was constantly obsessed by the urge to demonstrate and prove what he saw as true and put right what he thought mistaken. In everything he did, there was an element of inspiration, and whether engraving or doing water-colours, it was always under the compulsion of justifying his own position. The job of the illustrations was merely to support what he put forward in his poetry. He was, therefore, a pioneer in the history of European art in the sense that he was the first to fuse word and picture.

The first engraving that he took from a work of his that inspired it was the frontispiece to the *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*. Others followed, gradually making up a series of twelve, though they were not all used for the same book. The themes included Sir Isaac Newton, God's judgment of Adam and subjects from Shakespeare and Milton. Together they form a kind of fresco and express Blake's preoccupations at the time.

Critics, however, are still somewhat in the dark about them. The picture of a naked Newton crouching in thick undergrowth and holding a pair of compasses is difficult to explain. Nor is it easy to understand why it is bracketed in the same series as the picture entitled *Satan Triumphing Over*

Knotted in guilt and despair, the three figures of this Blake engraving stood as frontispiece to his "Visions of the Daughters of Albion." Here Oothon ("the soul of America") is chained to the man who raped her; and Theotormon, her true lover, crouches in sorrow.



Nothing heated Blake's imagination more than Dante's "The Divine Comedy." In this scene from Hell, Virgil sweeps Dante past the torments of Pope Nicholas III, who, charged with simony, is condemned to a well of fire until an identical sinner comes to take his place.

Eve. None of the poems gives an exact parallel but it is now widely accepted that each of the engravings indicates a step in the fall of man as it is described in *Urizen* (1794) or in *Vala* or *The Four Zoas*. (Blake was working on this between 1796 and 1807 but never finished it.) The engravings were, then, a sort of transposition of the vision behind the poems—not momentary flashes of insight but openings on to a permanent mental picture Blake had of an inner world solidly built up from a diversity of remarkable sources.

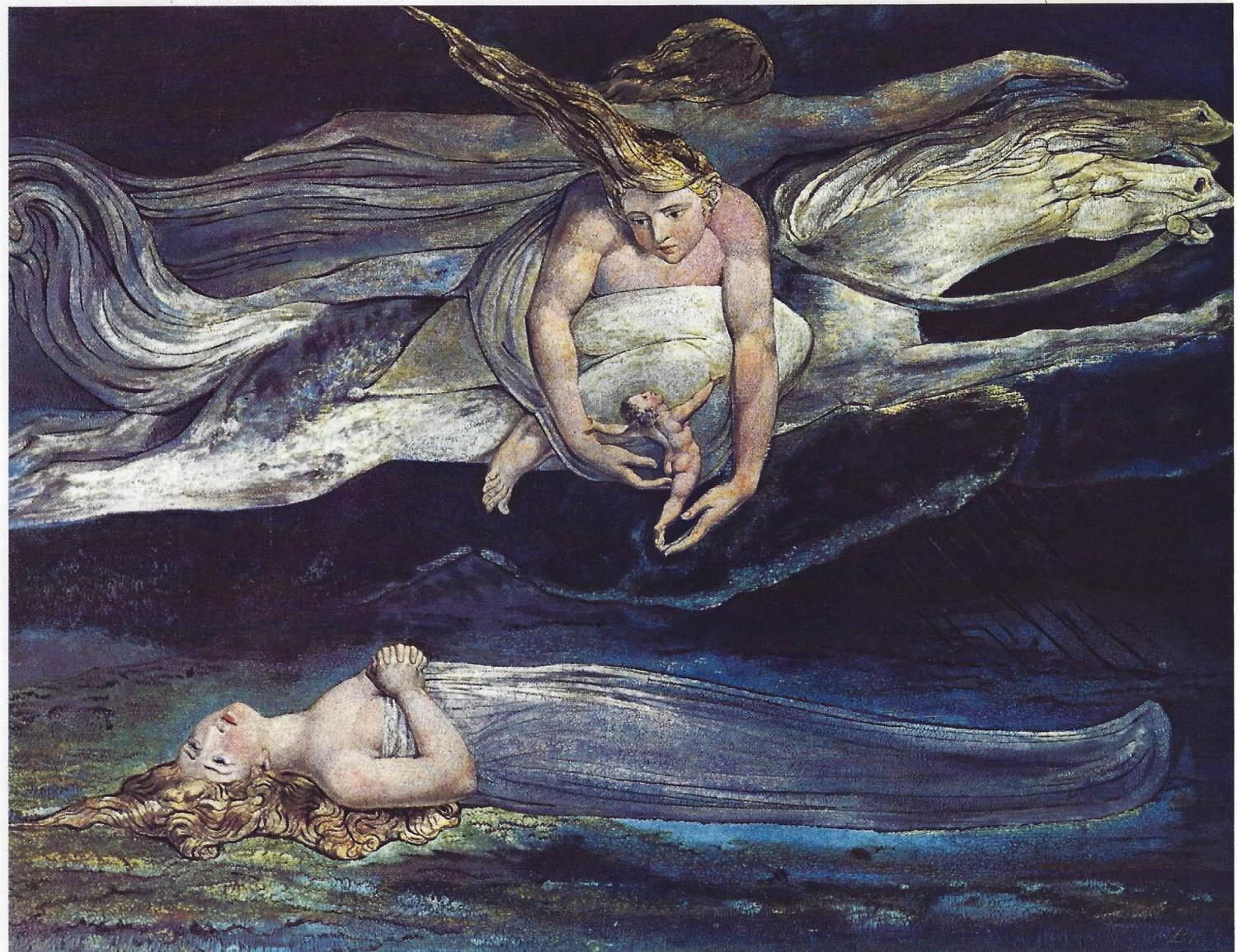
The various elements of the pictures, like the themes, had a heterogeneous origin. The nudes were borrowed from Michelangelo, the fire from the medieval concept of hell. If there is ever any doubt as to whether this was a genuine artistic process, it may be remembered that he himself called his works "Acts of Poetic Personification." He insisted that the pictures by themselves, without the poems, were insufficient. He saw them as pamphlets, or rather as the pictorial complement to the pamphlet which, in a sense,

every single one of his poems was.

It was no accident that his chosen medium for illustration was engraving, since it is so closely connected with printing and book production. He worked in watercolour, too—again, an accepted medium for book illustration, though not as important as engraving. But he did not touch oil painting.

Anything he put his hand to he transformed, made into something unique. The many-sidedness of his genius came out in his discovery of a special method of engraving in relief. This

*Dramatically conceived in delicate colours, this engraving was inspired by the lines in "Macbeth":
"And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air . . ."
yet the style is pure Blake.*





"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," reads the warning over Dante's Hell, and here Blake sees through the portals of the pleasant earth to where the hell fires rise implacable and everlasting. "The true poet," he said, "is at liberty when writing of devils and Hell."

enabled him to print in thick, brilliant colours that gave a general effect not so very different from that of a water-colour. He kept his secret to himself to the end, and it died with him. To this day we have not been able to discover his method.

In a certain sense there was no real development in Blake's work. He was dogged by obsessions and obsessions cannot really develop. There are simply variations in intensity. His first major series of engravings was done in 1795 while his second and last, for Dante's

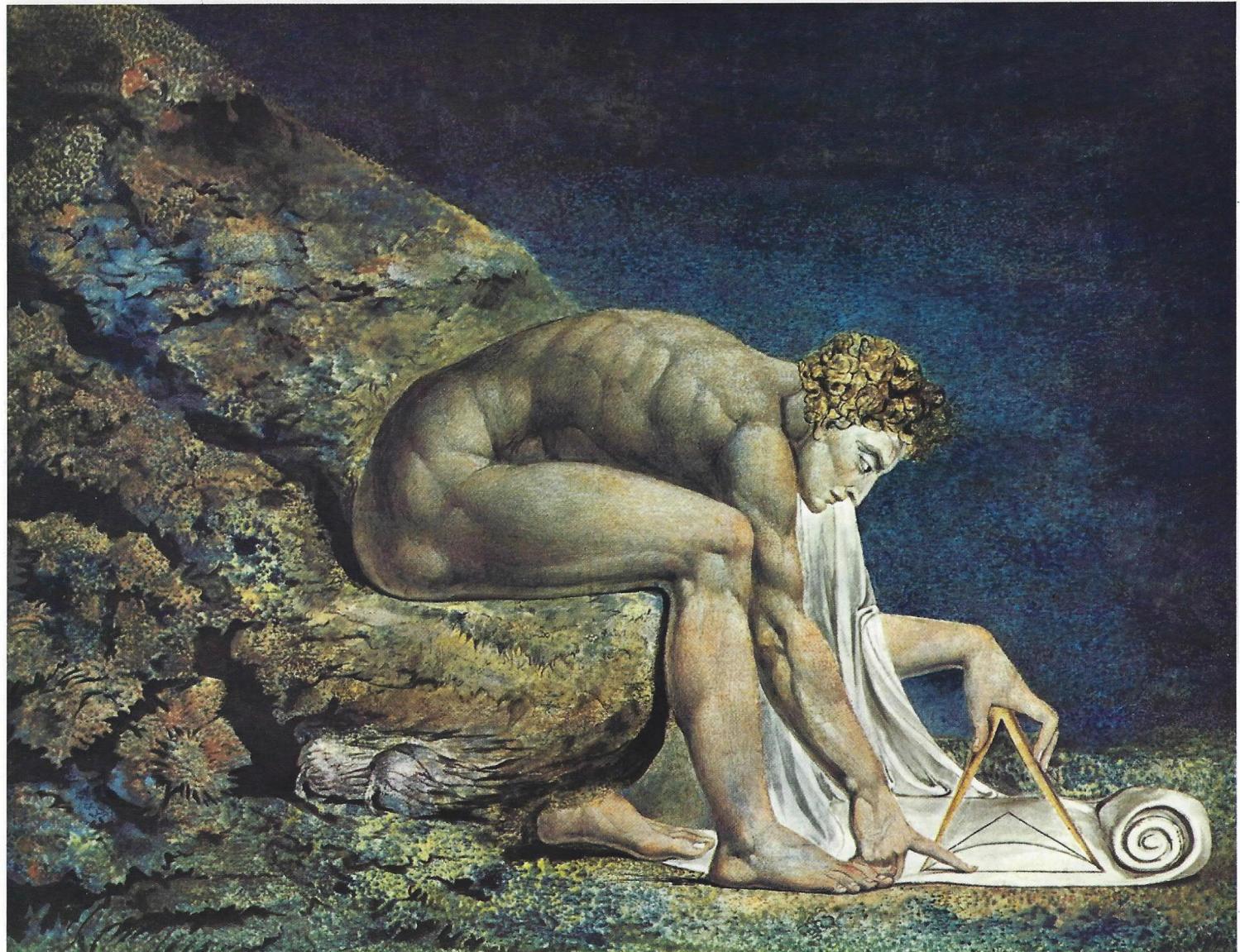
Inferno, dates from the four years before his death in 1827. There is a curious similarity between the two, except for a greater depth of space and a more obsessively emphatic spiral movement in the second. The suggestion that the engravings reflect a tormented mind is not borne out by other aspects of his career. This fantasist could also turn in the most strictly conventional work. As a young man, for instance, he did sickly sweet water-colours. Later he earned his bread and butter by doing engravings of works

by fashionable painters and he did some patterns for the younger Wedgwood, whose soberly elegant china can be considered the high-water mark of cool English classicism.

At one point in his life he was even tempted to seek recognition by becoming a respectable artist. He took the remarkable step of holding an exhibition of his works in his brother's house in Soho. But a man like Blake could not resist an opportunity of that sort to speak out. He wrote a long descriptive catalogue

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Entitled "Newton," this allegorical engraving still tends to baffle Blake lovers as to its precise interpretation. Newton, however, is quoted in Blake's long poem, "The Song of Los," as being (with Locke) a guardian of the rational philosophy which Blake himself opposed.



Leave all hope you who enter here
Leave every hope you who enter here

W.B.

HELL Canto 3



Brittany

This month Mapie de Toulouse-Lautrec visits her friends M. and Mme. René Levainville at Bénodet in Finistère.



A mere 200 yards from the sea, Mme. René Levainville's villa at Bénodet in Finistère is a real family house, where each summer the rooms echo with the sound of young voices. January is a chilly month in Brittany and, as Mme. Levainville said, with some understatement, "the wind has been blowing somewhat," but Brittany, like Scotland, is breathtakingly beautiful in any weather.

"In some ways it's pleasanter in Brittany in summer; but I find that Brittany is most truly itself in winter, when the grey stone of the walls matches the grey of the sky. Behind the house we have built a terrace in the same stone and we usually sit there after meals—but only when the weather is warm enough, of course!"

"My husband is a Breton and a keen sailor," said Mme. Levainville as we sat, after a splendid dinner of *homard bigouden*, by the great fire in the hearth, "so, *que voulez-vous?*," it was inevitable that our home should be in Brittany. The children love it, though it's my husband who sails most." (M. Levainville is the honorary Vice-Chairman of the Yachting Club de France.)

In the country I entertain relatively rarely; when I do, however, it's with simple, healthy food, especially seafood—it's so good here. My children—and their children when they're here—have enormous appetites, so plenty of stews and soups are the order of the day. I'm not wild about pancake dinners, though crepes are a speciality here, but all the children love them cold and buttered for breakfast—even the youngest, who is two!

"Here I do no more than put out the pewter and Breton pottery on a bare, scrubbed table. In Paris, of course, it's embroidered tablecloths and candles. But never background music. There I draw the line—people are subjected to noise the whole day long; they don't want it during a meal as well. I used to give champagne dinners, and still do, even though people say they're out of fashion. Champagne is still an excellent *apéritif*, naturally, better really than whisky. In fact, I think it is better as an *apéritif* than at the end of the meal. Yes, I do serve liqueurs, the usual ones—*Bénédictine*, *Chartreuse*, *Grand Marnier*, *fine champagne*—but my own favourite is still *Armagnac*."

Cooking

LUNCH

Croquettes au jambon
Poulet "aile noire"
Pommes de terre Anna
Salade
Soufflé au chocolat

Monsieur Cruse recommends:
A Muscadet and
a Vosne Romanée 1962

To begin this meal I recommend serving a well-chilled Muscadet, a dry, fruity white wine grown on the left bank of the Loire near Nantes. This pleasant wine can be drunk very young, and I suggest you choose a 1966 vintage.

To accompany the chicken, I have chosen a great Burgundy: a Vosne Romanée 1962. In the heart of the famous Côte de Nuits winegrowing district, the commune of Vosne Romanée contains some of the finest Burgundy vineyards, including Romanée Conti, Richebourg and La Tache. These wines have great elegance, perfect balance and a remarkable bouquet.

If you don't want to serve one of the more costly wines mentioned above, try a Vosne Romanée "Les Beauforts," made by Charles Noellat, one of the best-known vintners in the region.

DINNER

Chiffonnade d'oseille
Homard bigouden
Riz créole
Gâteau de Savoie à la Chantilly

Monsieur Cruse recommends:
A Dom Pérignon 1961

With this excellent menu we must serve a white wine, and I have chosen the best quality champagne produced by the great firm of Moët and Chandon: a Dom Pérignon 1961.

While most champagne is made with red grapes, Dom Pérignon is produced from white grapes, whence the term "*blanc de blanc*." Named for the famous monk who "invented" champagne, it is a fine, distinctive wine which should be savoured attentively. Serve cold, but do not chill to avoid destroying its delicate bouquet.

in the homes of France

Croquettes au jambon (Ham croquettes)

INGREDIENTS (for 4)

2 cups milk, scalded
1 cup grated Swiss cheese
1/4 lb. chopped ham
5 eggs, 1/2 cup flour
2 cups bread crumbs
1 1/2 qts. cooking oil
Salt, pepper

In a saucepan off the heat mix the flour with 2 egg yolks and 3 whole eggs to make a paste. Place over heat and add the boiling milk while beating constantly. Let cook 6 minutes. ● Off heat stir in the cheese and ham. Season with salt and pepper to taste. ● Spread out on an oblong buttered dish so that the dough is about 3/4 inch thick and refrigerate for at least 4 hours. ● After it is thoroughly chilled heat the oil in a French frier until sizzling. ● Cut the dough into small squares. Dip in the 2 egg whites (using more if necessary), then into the bread crumbs. ● Drop into the hot oil and deep fry until crisp and brown all over. Drain and serve.

KAREN NANGLE'S COMMENTS

Croquettes au jambon may be prepared in advance and reheated in a 400° oven for 10 or 15 minutes. PREPARATION TIME: 20 minutes. CHILLING TIME: 4 hours. COOKING TIME: 35 minutes.

Poulet aile noire (Stewed chicken)

INGREDIENTS (for 4)

3-lb. chicken
1/4 lb. butter
1 1/2 oz. bacon, blanched
2 onions, minced
2 carrots, minced
3 cups chicken stock
1 tbsp. Madeira
3 sprigs fresh tarragon
1 tbsp. potato starch
Salt, pepper

Preheat oven to 350°. ● Mince the chicken liver, dice the bacon, season with salt, pepper and the leaves of a sprig of tarragon. Fill the cavity of the chicken with this mixture and truss it. ● Melt the butter in a casserole over low heat and brown the chicken lightly on all sides. Add the onions and carrots. Cover and cook for 20 minutes. ● Add the stock and season with salt and pepper. Bring to a simmer on top of the stove, then bake for 50 minutes in the preheated oven. ● Reserve the chicken on a hot platter. Strain the sauce, mashing the vegetables through the strainer back into a pot. Add 1 tbsp. chopped tarragon and 1 tbsp. Madeira. ● Boil down to reduce the liquid and concentrate the flavour. If necessary, the sauce may be thickened by adding 1 tbsp. potato starch diluted in 1 tbsp. cold water. ● Pour some of the sauce over the chicken and serve the remainder separately.

KAREN NANGLE'S COMMENTS

This chicken stew is succulent and easy to prepare. You could use tinned chicken stock or dilute a powdered chicken stock concentrate if you do not have any homemade on hand. Substitute 1/2 tsp. dried tarragon if fresh is not available. PREPARATION TIME: 15 minutes. COOKING TIME: 1 hour 25 minutes.

Homard bigouden (Broiled lobster with cream sauce)

INGREDIENTS (for 4)

4 lobsters (about 1 1/2 lbs. each)
1/2 lb. butter
1 1/2 cups heavy cream
1 tbsp. paprika
1/4 cup Armagnac, heated
1 tbsp. flour
Salt, pepper

Drop the live lobsters into a huge pot of salted boiling water. Bring them to a boil again and cook for 10 minutes. Remove. Rinse with cold water and drain. ● Split each in half lengthwise. In each half put 2 tbps. of butter, cut into very thin pieces, and about 1 tbsp. of cream. ● Broil in a preheated broiler for 15 minutes, basting with a mixture of 4 tbsp. melted butter, 1/4 cup heavy cream and 1/2 tbsp. paprika. ● While the lobsters are broiling, melt the rest of the butter in a pot. Stir in the flour and let cook together for a few minutes. Add the remaining cream and paprika. ● Stir constantly to thicken. Serve in individual butter cups. Put the lobsters on a hot platter. ● Heat the Armagnac to a simmer. Pour over the lobsters, flambé and serve.

KAREN NANGLE'S COMMENTS

Another sure-fire dish, very easy to prepare. PREPARATION TIME: 35 minutes. COOKING TIME: 15 minutes.

Gâteau de Savoie à la Chantilly (Lemon cake with whipped cream)

INGREDIENTS (for 4)

2 eggs, separated
1/2 cup superfine granulated sugar
3 1/2 tbsp. potato starch
1 cup heavy cream
1 tsp. vanilla
4 tbsp. kirsch
4 tbsp. slivered, blanched almonds
Juice of 1 lemon
Salt

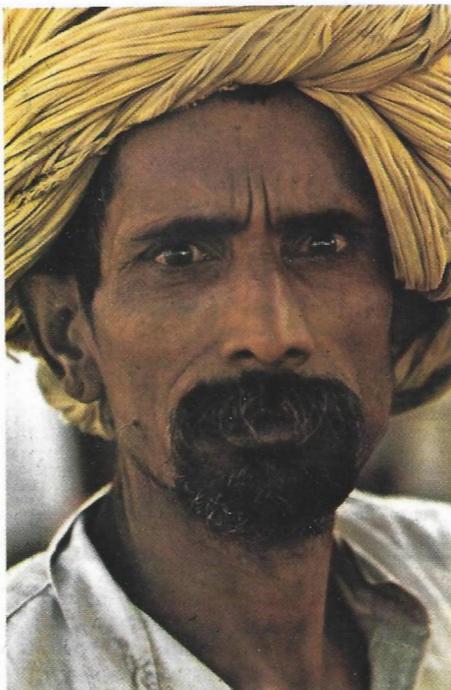
Preheat the oven to 350° and butter a 6-cup soufflé mould. ● Beat the egg yolks with the sugar and a pinch of salt until you reach the ribbon stage. Add the potato starch and mix well. Stir in the lemon juice. ● Beat the whites with a pinch of salt into stiff peaks and fold delicately into the batter. Pour the batter into the mould, filling it two-thirds full. ● Bake in a 350° oven for 30 minutes or until a cake tester comes out clean when plunged into the centre of the cake. ● While the cake is baking, whip the cream and season it with the vanilla and 1 tbsp. sugar. Mix a little of the whipped cream with the almonds to make a paste. ● When the cake is done let it cool before unmoulding. Cut into 2 or 3 layers. ● Mix the kirsch with an equal quantity of water and sprinkle each layer with it. Spread each layer with the almonds and whipped cream and restack. ● Frost the cake with the remaining whipped cream. You could then decorate it with candied violets, silver balls and almonds.

KAREN NANGLE'S COMMENTS

This is an extremely rich and flavourful cake. It may be prepared ahead of time and refrigerated until serving. PREPARATION TIME: 50 minutes. COOKING TIME: 35 minutes.

India

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Lastly, and above all, financial aid must be increased. Aid from the rich countries to the third world is at present passing through a difficult stage: the ending of the cold war has made aid less of a paying proposition from the political point of view; ill-informed public opinion in the donor countries has started to show impatience at the apparently meagre results of aid; and, finally, a number of industrial countries, notably the US and Great Britain, have been having difficulties with their balance of payments. Whereas, for fifteen consecutive years, the volume of aid increased regularly, it has now levelled out, and, in proportion to the income of the wealthy countries, it is even tending to diminish.

In this situation, it is important for India to know what share of available world aid she can hope to receive. The Indian Aid Consortium, which was founded in 1960 on the initiative of the World Bank to coordinate the financing of the Third Indian Plan and in which ten industrial countries participate (the US, Great Britain, France, West Germany, Japan, Canada, Italy, Austria, Belgium and the Netherlands), fixed the volume of aid to India for 1967-68 at \$900,000,000, the same level as last year. To this sum must be added \$380,000,000 worth of food aid—the cost of wheat shipments, which the United States has insisted be shared equitably among the ten members of the consortium.

It is impossible to calculate the exact amount of aid which India will need in the years to come, or to say for how long the country will be dependent on foreign aid for its economic development. But it is estimated that to maintain the country on its present course, the rich nations will have to grant it a minimum of \$20,000,000,000 over the next fifteen years. This gives some idea of the effort that remains to be made.

END

KEN ADAM

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not recovered by Scotland Yard until long after the film was on general release.

Ken Adam lives in a very beautiful eighteenth-century London house and his personal tastes include everything from Florentine tables of the Renaissance period to gilded harps. It is a strange—albeit remunerative—irony of fate that has destined him to become a creator of pseudo-scientific gadgets.

He sighs and confesses: "I have no knowledge of science whatsoever. I suppose you could say I'm a handyman round the house and during the war I was a Typhoon pilot, but that's as far as it goes. However, it doesn't prevent me from working things out for myself. For the submersible atomic bomber in *Thunderball*, I requested permission to see plans for the B52 prototype, but Anglo-American relations were not at their most cordial and I couldn't. Nevertheless I designed a replica and when some officers at the Pentagon saw the film they said: 'But that aircraft is top secret. How did you get hold of the plans?'"

In principle, incidents are written into the script, not introduced by the art director, but that is not the way things are done in Bond films.

"The script?" Ken Adam exclaims. "It's never finished when I'm working on a Bond film and in the long run that's not a bad thing. Now, although the script is important in a real film, the most important thing in a Bond is to put on a big show. In *Dr. No* I designed a little underground chamber, nicely sealed off, and I was very pleased with it until the director came to see me.

"You must put a door in that chamber so we can see Dr. No go into it to talk to his steward," he said.

"The idea didn't appeal to me, so I said: 'I'm going to put in a giant tarantula. The audience won't be able to see Dr. No at all, but they'll hear his voice giving orders to his steward, and their eyes will be fixed on the tarantula. There you have a striking allegory.'

"That's how one solves Bond problems: with imagination."

Imagination . . . and a few thousand dollars. "You need money for trick effects but, in fact, contrary to what you might imagine, there aren't so many in the James Bond films.

"Do you remember how in *Goldfinger* a superb Lincoln Continental and its owner, a Mafia leader whom Goldfinger has decided to eliminate, was crushed? That marvellous car really was submitted to that treatment and, on the set, when we saw it come out as a cube of scrap metal, everyone gave a groan that came straight from the heart."

Will Ken Adam always settle for staging Bond films?

"One day the series will inevitably come to an end," says Ken Adam. "And then I will make the film I have been dreaming of. It will take place in Russia in the 1650's . . . and there won't be a single gadget."

RÉGINE GABBEY

WILLIAM BLAKE

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analyzing his work in detail. It was a hard-hitting pamphlet, a settling of accounts thirty years afterwards with the people in the Academy who had ridiculed everything he found sacred.

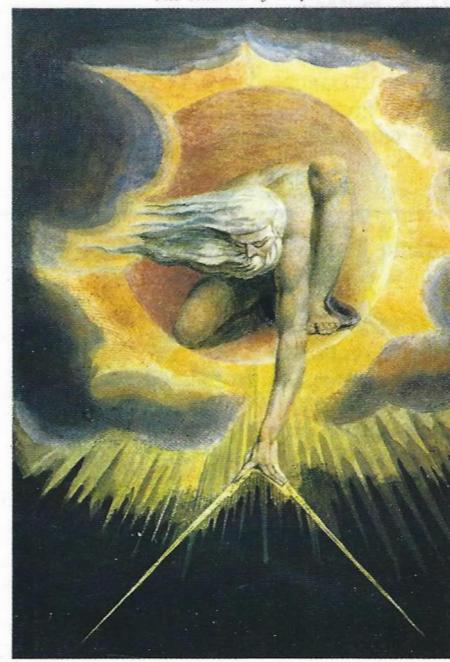
He was after conventional acclaim and yet he described his pictures as "mythological compositions similar to those of the Apotheoses of Persian, Hindu and Egyptian antiquity still to be found on unelaborate monuments which are copies of astounding originals today either lost or perhaps buried to await happier times than these." This man who, after a fashion, sought the acclaim of the academies, gave his works titles like *The Spiritual Form of Nelson Guiding Leviathan* which must have sounded outrageous to the people he was trying to woo. The exhibition, needless to say, was a complete flop. Few people turned up and there was not a single buyer. It had come fifty years before its time.

Half a century later . . . and his genius would have been recognized. Prevailing taste would have accepted his mixture of Biblical and modern, would have shared his admiration for Raphael and the Middle Ages, and labelled it "Romanticism." The Pre-Raphaelites in England and Gustave Moreau in France developed the conflicting themes expressed in Blake's work at the turn of the century.

But there was no question of this in 1809, when Blake was seeking recognition as an artist on top of the literary recognition he had already acquired. Unluckily for him, Blake was as much of a visionary in painting as he was in poetry; his contemporaries could accept the one but were quite unprepared to understand the other. But there is no doubt that the meeting, at the height of the neoclassical period, played an essential role in the opening-up of the world the expressionists and surrealists were to explore.

SOUREN MELIKIAN

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